

693 Soul Winner, A

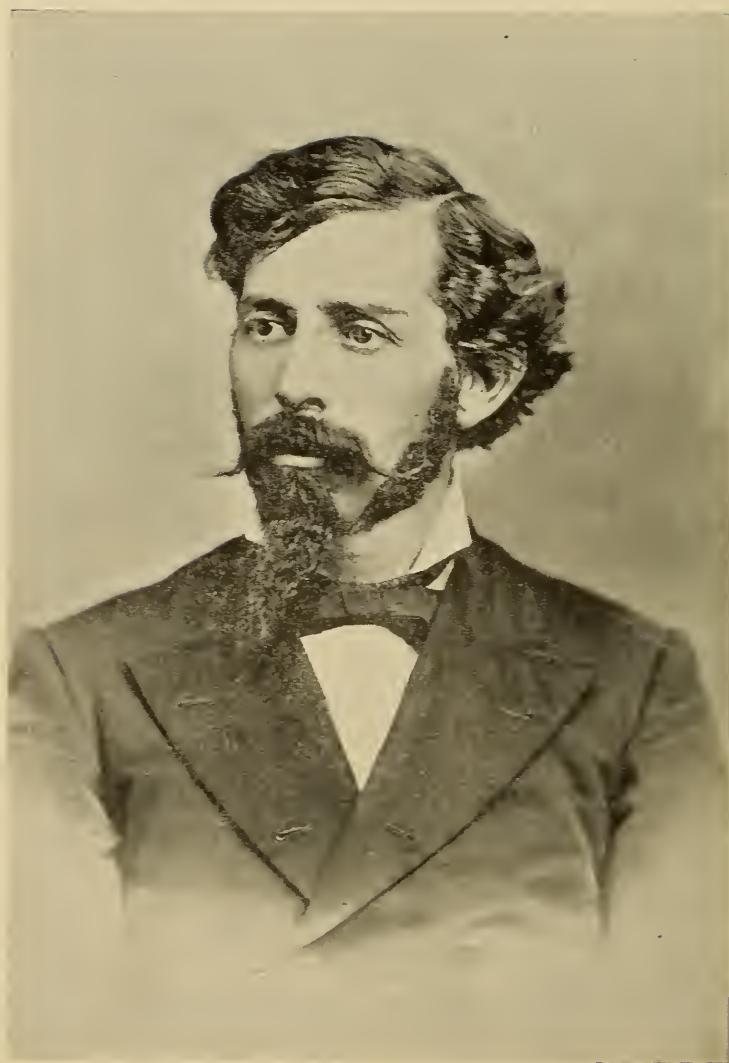
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THE SOUL WINNER,

— — BY — —

Rev. Edward O. Guerrant

REV. EDWARD O. GUERRANT, D. D.

"He that winneth souls is wise." --- Prov. xi, 30.

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E. O. GUERRANT, WILMORE, KY.

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To my sainted mother, Mary Beaufort Howe Owings,
Who first taught me the love of Jesus,
and
To my beloved wife, Mary Jane DeVault,
Who faithfully helps me to serve Him,
This little volume is affectionately inscribed.

PREFACE.

The gladdest tidings that ever came to this lost world was the Evangel. The most welcome messenger to every human heart is the Evangelist who brings this good news. To help him tell it to all people is the sole object of this little book.

The angel who brought the message to the shepherds on Judea's hills has thousands of humble and faithful followers, who sometimes need help. That God will bless this humble effort in so holy a ministry is my prayer.

Neither the praise or blame of the book is altogether my own. I cheerfully divide it with my friends. Some good (and, I trust, wise) men, in whose judgment I have confidence, repeatedly urged its preparation.

From the beginning of my ministry I have felt the want of some such volume and found none. I found books about evangelistic work, its needs, its importance, its greatness, its urgency, but none that told me how to do it. This is what I wanted. I had to go and learn it myself. How well I learned it this book will discover.

It has been written "in the saddle," during the breathing-spells of an active ministry. Its preparation has extended over several years and over nearly every Southern State, writing as I had opportunity. It is almost entirely the result of my own experience in preaching the Gospel to all kinds of people, in all kinds of places.

To it are added some "field notes" to illustrate the application of the rules taught by experience. Both of these could

have been indefinitely extended ; but life is too short to read or write what is not necessary.

I have sought to give the essence of twenty years experience. If it has no other merit it will be brief.

It is not written for preachers alone, but for the people who love God and the souls of men. This is the last command of Jesus, and the high vocation of every one who hears the Gospel, to go and tell it. None appreciate this so much as the preachers themselves.

While it does not have or ask the endorsement of learned men or schools, it may not be amiss to say its humble author was converted under the preaching of such men as Stuart Robinson, Robert J. Breckinridge, John C. Young, and Edward P. Humphrey. He was educated by such teachers as Robert L. Dabney, Benjamin M. Smith, Thomas E. Peck, and Henry C. Alexander, and called to the Evangelistic work by the venerable Synod of Kentucky.

If this volume is found to depart in any respect from the purity of their doctrine or the simplicity of their worship, I shall be both sorry and surprised.

It is written for the glory of God in the salvation of men. This I believe will insure His acceptance. I trust it will secure that of His people.

BELVOIR.

Wilmore,
Jessamine County,
Kentucky.

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NOTE.

The form in which this book is written was determined by the following petition. It is addressed to these young men and to all others who are in the same blessed work of winning souls for Christ :

PETITION OF THEOLOGICAL CLASS OF THE CENTRAL UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY TO REV. E. O. GUERRANT, D.D.:

Reverend Sir—Having had the pleasure of listening to a series of lectures from you on the subject of “Evangelistic Work,” and wishing to learn more of its nature and scope, we do respectfully petition you to give us, from your wide and successful experience, such information as you may deem sufficient concerning this much neglected branch of Church Work. We know the importance of this work, and feel that you will be willing to devote to us that portion of your time which will more thoroughly furnish us for this great work.

Very respectfully,

Committee { J. H. VANLEAR,
R. E. DOUGLASS,
D. CLAY LILLY.

March, 1892.

THE SOUL WINNER.

"He that winneth souls is wise"—*Prov. xi, 30.*

Among the saddest and strongest evidences of our lost estate is the perversion of our judgment in spiritual things. The Scriptures call it blindness of mind. The result is that our greatest interests are ignored, and human and worldly affairs made to outweigh those heavenly and divine. The body is placed before the soul, money is put before religion, time before eternity, and men's favor before God's.

The most cursory view of the world will persuade you of this fact. Men know many things, but do not know God, whom to know is life eternal. They are rich in many things, but not "rich toward God." They are busy in laying up treasures on earth, where they are lost, but neglect to lay them up in Heaven where alone they are safe.

Of course, such men are not wise. The man who wins worldly fame, or wealth, or power for a few years, at great sacrifice, is a foolish man. God says it. These things bring no substantial or permanent enjoyment, and end in sorrow and shame. If you cannot find instances of it in your own observation, read the history of Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Napoleon, and Hannibal, the greatest of Earth's captains. If you would look beyond, read the history of Dives. These were not wise men. God says it, and history and reason corroborate it.

"He that winneth souls is wise." That is the voice of Wisdom, the voice of God. It is not the wealth winner that is wise, nor the fame-winner, nor the pleasure-winner, but the

soul-winner that is truly wise. To that highest and holiest calling God invites you. It is as much greater as the soul is than the body; as time is greater than eternity; as God is greater than man.

Try to solve the problem Jesus gave the Jews, "what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The man who makes such 'an exchange' is bankrupt forever. The soul is greater than all worlds.

The only great thing in the world is the human soul, for it is the only thing in the world like God, and He only is Great. God alone knows its infinite value. If you would know His estimate of a soul, go look at Calvary. That was the price of a soul! To win this soul is your highest duty and your noblest achievement and your greatest glory. This soul is lost; is alienated from God; 'taken captive by Satan at his will.' It must be *won back*, ("retaken" or "captured") for God, its Maker, and Redeemer.

It is the '*lost sheep*' from the heavenly fold, and must be sought and won. If it is not, then it is lost forever, and no human pen or tongue can paint the horrors of such a fate. To win them back, God gave his only Son, and that Son gave His life. That they can be won, your own salvation is a proof; and millions of others, who have been won from death to life, from sin to holiness, from Satan to God, are witnesses to-day. Then be a soul winner.

You have God's word for it that your labor shall not be in vain. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." He will give you 'souls for your hire,' and no wages in the universe are to be compared to this. In thus winning souls you not only do the highest service for

men, but secure the highest glory of God. This is the chief end of your creation and preservation. We are to live and labor and die for the glory of God. The man who does not, has made his life a failure.

The soul winner then is the highest type of man. He lives for the highest interest of mankind and the greatest glory of God. It is the happiness and glory of angels in whose presence there is joy over one sinner that repenteth.

Besides, God promises special honors and rewards for soul winners. "Let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

A soul winner is a soul saver, and there is nothing in this universe to compare to such service. It is the highest glory of God, Himself, that He became *Jesus* the *Savior* of men! Into this glorious and heavenly occupation He calls you, as co-laborers with himself, and promises you His divine presence and power even "to the end of the world."

And when the end has come, and beyond the end of the world and time, He promises a glorious reward to the soul winner. "They that be *wise* shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, forever and ever." What more could ambition ask? What more could God give? But beyond all wealth of constellations is the gratitude of a saved soul! Next to Jesus my Savior, I love my mother, who taught me to love Him, and those who helped to win me back to Him.

If you would have this truest and noblest homage of a ransomed soul, go forth to win them, in his spirit who said,

"I would rather win thee than God's youngest star,
With teeming continents and seas of bliss."

THE GREAT SOUL WINNER.

“This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.”—*Luke 15:2.*

I suppose, if either of us had been called upon to describe God, we should have given a very different description to this one. In nothing do men betray greater ignorance than in their conception of God and of Jesus Christ..

One would suppose, if *any* men knew God and his Son, these Jews would be the men. For nearly two thousand years they had been his peculiar people. For more than fourteen hundred years they had enjoyed the written revelation of his will, and a description of his Son, who was to be their Saviour. But when he came, at the very time, in the very way, and at the very place, God said he would come, they *did not know* him, but rejected him as a Saviour, and crucified him as an impostor.

He was not *their kind* of a God. They had very different notions of what a God *should* be, and what he really was. And we are no wiser yet. Though the world has made great advances in all other departments of knowledge, they are as ignorant of God as ever. And he might reprove us in the same language he used to the Jews thousands of years ago. “Thou thoughtest that *I* was altogether *such a one as thyself*; but *I* will reprove thee.”

Now, we have here a notable illustration of this misconception of God’s character, as exhibited in the life of his Son. Here we behold Jesus Christ in the faithful discharge of his mission as a Redeemer, a Saviour, teaching the way of life to *sinners*.

These educated Jews, "the scribes and Pharisees, murmured" because he was doing exactly what *God sent him to do—save the lost!* They did not recognize God's Son in that role. They had different notions of what a Son of God *ought to be and to do*. They thought he was keeping *bad* company for one who claimed the dignity of his mission, and the divinity of his birth. They measured infinite benevolence in their own selfish standard. They weighed *infinite condescension* in their own *proud* and haughty balances. They thought he was altogether such an one as themselves. Thank God they were mistaken! Thank God we have no Pharisee, or scribe or man, for *our* God and Saviour; but one as far above *all men* as the sun is above this earth!

Now, let us discover something of the true character of God as it is revealed to us in his Son Jesus Christ, who, you remember, is the *Logos*, the *Word*, the *Revealer* of his Father; for "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." He is our model Soul Winner.

"Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him: and the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, this man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

I once asked a converted Jew, what kind of people were publicans and sinners? He answered that the sinners were the very worst people that infest large cities; abandoned people; the sinners *par excellence*. The publicans were the renegade Jews who had entered into the employ of the Romans, their conquerors, as tax-gathers; and, lost to all sense of patriotism or humanity, used all the military power of the Roman Government to oppress and despoil their own countrymen.

Dr. Whitby in his commentary on this passage, says :

That “ publicans, gross sinners and heathen, were by the Scribes and Pharisees, judged unfit to be *conversed with*, even though it were with a design to reduce them from their evil courses ; they—thinking that God had cast off the care of them, and had no design to grant them repentance unto life.”

These were the men who *drew near* to Jesus—to hear him. These were the men about whom the Scribes and Pharisees murmured, saying : “ He *receiveth* sinners, and eateth with them.” And he did ! And that is the *mystery of Godliness*.

Truly, it is a wonderful picture. Publicans and sinners in the presence of Him whom angels and archangels adore ! Publicans and sinners sitting down to *eat with Him*, who receives the worship of Cherubim and Seraphim !

Says Dr. Brown :

“ Strange auditory for such a preacher ! In fact among all the marvels of this marvelous history, none is more marvelous than the fact that the most sunken classes of society seem, as by some spell, to have been attracted to the holy harmless, undefiled One, the “ Separate from sinners ” What could the secret of this be ? What, but the discovery in him, of a compassion for their case, against which they had found every other breast steeled ! ”

“ Abandoned of men, we had thought ourselves much more abandoned of God. Heaven and earth seemed alike shut against us, and we were ready to conclude that, as outcasts from *both*, we must live on, the wretched life we are living, and then lie down and *die without hope*.

But compassion for the chief of sinners beams from that

eye, and streams forth from those lips. God is in that heart, heaven in that voice. "Never man spake like this man."

"As he speaks, God himself seems to draw near to us, and say to us in accents of melting love, 'Return unto me, and I will return unto you.' Who and what he is, we are too ignorant to tell; but we *feel what he is to us*; when he is with us, we seem to be in the precincts of heaven."

Such, doubtless, were the unspoken thoughts of many of these poor outcasts, who, that day, "drew near" to Jesus, the "*friend of sinners*;" and many of whom, we may hope and believe, have been drawing nearer and nearer to that heart of infinite love, now for more than eighteen hundred years.

This, my brethren, is Luke's wonderful *painting of Jesus*—infinitely grander than Munkacsky's "Christ before Pilate," or Ezekiel's "Jesus bound." It preaches its own sermon, infinitely more eloquent than Paul or Apollos. My ambition is to hang this picture in the gallery of your *heart*, where it may live in undying love.

And we shall take time now to point out but two of its great beauties.

1. We learn the *true character of Jesus*. We can stand in this sacred place and see into that "open secret" of His mighty love; the love that was stronger than death; that was higher than heaven, and deeper than hell; the love that sweat blood in Gethsemane, and shed blood on Calvary; the love that passed all bounds of time and space, and classes and conditions; the love that opened its arms so wide that a world of "publicans and sinners" might enter it and be saved.

And you will observe two prominent features of his character brought out here—first, his infinite *compassion*.

“He receiveth sinners,”—Yea, the worst of sinners, as Paul says, the “chief of sinners.”

And who is he that does this? the *God of glory*, in whose presence the angels cast their crowns, and veil their faces; the Holy One of Israel, in whose sight the heavens are not clean!

He it is who stands by the shore of Galilee in this strange audience, graciously *receiving sinners*, rebels against his government and transgressors of his law.

He receives those whom *men* have cast out; he receives those whom the Jews would not speak to; he receives those whom the Pharisees looked upon as abandoned by God, and beyond the reach of mercy. Received them? Yea—pardoned them, blessed them, loved, sanctified them—made them worthy of his infinite love, of his glorious home in heaven!

“I did not speak to him, no, no,” recently said an eminent divine of another man who had offended his brother. *That was a man’s way!* “I can not only speak to them,” said Jesus, “but I can love them and save them; men who have not only injured my brethren, but spent whole lives in injuring and insulting my Father!” *That is a God’s way!* You see the difference? “For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways,” saith the LORD.

Again you will notice his infinite *condescension*. He not only receives them, but he *eats* with them, a thing unknown among the Jews.

Yea, he goes to their humble homes, the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, sits down to their scanty board, and eats with them, making himself one of them, becomes a *companion*, a *friend*, breaking every barrier down between in-

finite wealth and abject poverty ; between infinite holiness and loathsome sinfulness.

He eats with them! He shows them that he loves them well enough to share their humble board, to stoop to their low estate. He shows them that the Son of God is the *Saviour of sinners*, and that the greatest of *Kings* can be the humblest of men!

He came to “ seek and to save the lost,” and he went until he found them in the cellars and garrets, in the highways and byways, in the slums and purlieus of vice, over mountains of sin, and through valleys of sorrow.

“ O, None of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
How dark was the night the Lord passed through,
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.”

That was his heavenly mission here, among a world of publicans and sinners, to bring us back to God, and he wrought it through tears, and blood, and death!

2. Now this gives us the *true conception of the Gospel*. It is not eloquent discourses ; not beautiful essays ; not deep dissertations ; not political harangues ; not philosophical speculations. No, none of *these*.

It is glad tidings of great joy ; good news of mighty love ; the love of God manifested by his Son, Jesus Christ. Any other preaching but this is an idle waste of *time* and *breath*.

The Gospel proceeds on the fact that *we are sinners*. No sinners, no Saviour ! “ The whole need not a physician.”

The righteous need no repentance. "The ninety and nine" need no Saviour; it is the *lost one*. And, verily, that includes more than the "publicans and sinners." It includes *you* and *me*; includes *all men*. "For," says Paul, "there is no difference; for *all* have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

We need that compassion and condescension as much as the poorest and humblest sinner in Galilee. And He is as ready to grant it *now* as He was *then*.

For blessed be His name, He is "the same yesterday and to-day and forever."

His great heart beats with the same infinite love *now* as *then*. His voice has lost none of its pathos, and His arm none of its power.

He is Jesus of Nazareth yet, the Son of God, and the Son of Mary forever, and still "Friend of sinners" is His name. And though He is sitting on the throne of God, and ruling the nations at His will, He is still receiving sinners, and eating with them! Still winning them by His love.

And through every corner of this sin-cursed earth He sends forth this royal invitation: "The Spirit and the Bride say come! and let him that *heareth* say come; and let him that is *athirst* come; and *whosoever* will, let him take the water of life *freely*."

You hear. You are commissioned. Go and say come. Go in the spirit and power of the Great Soul Winner. He promises it to all who go.

WHO IS THE PREACHER?

"Let him that heareth, say come."—*Rev. xxii. 17.*

It is a matter of the greatest importance to determine who must publish this glad tidings to a dying world. If the ordained ministry, alone, are to do it, then it would seem almost a hopeless task; for as yet, their number has always been comparatively small and inadequate. It would be like reducing an army to its commissioned officers, and sending the whole body of soldiers home. I need not say, such an army, however brave and patriotic, would win few battles.

But men are too wise to make war in that way; so we may reasonably suppose that God never expected to seal the lips of every soldier of the cross, but commanded even the restored Gadarene demoniac to "go home to his friends, and tell them how great things the Lord had done for him." And we have failed to understand the Gospel, if such a command is not yet given to every one upon whom He has had compassion, and delivered from the demons. Not only duty, but gratitude should compel such a course. The "servant" was commanded to go out into the streets and lanes, into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in. Now, who is the servant? The preacher alone? One would suppose so from the conduct of many church members, who never say come; but your lexicon will tell you a servant ('doulos') "is a sincere follower or worshiper of God or Christ." I am happy to know this includes many more than the preachers. All such are commanded to go out and bring the lost ones in.

Paul tells us who servants are, Romans vi. 16-22. "But now, being made free from sin, and become servants of God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." Those who are made free from sin, are the servants of God. This includes all who believe in Jesus Christ, the children of God by faith. All such, be they preachers or elders, or private members of the church, are commanded to go out and bring the perishing to the Gospel feast.

The last invitation in the Bible, sent back from Glory, by the King, commissions every one who *hears*, to say come. Listen to this wonderful message from heaven to a lost world. "The Spirit and the Bride say come. And let him that heareth, say Come. And let him that is a thirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17). You see how all heaven and earth are engaged to publish salvation. God, the Spirit, says come. The Church, the Bride, says come. Everyone who heareth, is commanded to say come. And all who thirst, and all who will, are invited to come and take the water of life freely. There is no mistaking the scope of this command. "Let him that *heareth* say *come*." If you have heard this Gospel message, you are commissioned and commanded to repeat it. And this precept is reinforced by the example of God's servants in all ages. Search and see.

Andrew brought Peter. Philip brought Nathanael. The leper published it so much Jesus "could no more openly enter into the city, but was without in desert places; and they came to Him from every quarter."

The Gadarene demoniac published the same glad tidings in Decapolis, so that "all men did marvel." And men would marvel yet, if some of our poor dumb mouths would only

tell of these wonderful works of God. And lest some timid woman should fear she was not allowed a part in this blessed work and its reward—the Holy Spirit has left on record the history of the nameless, Samaritan woman, who so testified for Jesus “that many of the Samaritans of that city believed on Him for the saying of the woman.” Of course, this duty and privilege of all who hear, must not be confounded with the spiritual and official duties of those who are called to be rulers in God’s house. The church is the Kingdom of God, and like other kingdoms, has its officers and laws of government. The Holy Ghost has given to the church certain officers and teachers whose place and functions none others can assume.

The dreadful fate of Korah, Dathan and Abiram, is a warning to all ages of the sin and danger of such impious presumption. (Numbers xvi.) And Paul reiterates it (in Heb. v. 4) where he says “No man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron.”

The duties of the holy ministry in God’s house, can only be properly discharged by those who have been regularly called, ordained and installed to this work. All others are positively and explicitly forbidden to assume these official functions, both men and women.

“Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak.” “It is a shame for women to speak in the church.” Three times over God repeats this command. (I. Cor. xiv. 34-35). “Let the women learn in silence with all subjection; but I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.” (I. Tim. ii. 11-12). This is God’s word, and not man’s. To those who reverence that word, it is not neces-

sary to add any exhortation. To those who do not, it would be useless.

The Exegesis that would explain away those commands, would leave nothing worth preserving in the Bible. But, blessed be God, the duty and privilege of saying, "Come," is open to everyone who hears, each in his own place.

No preacher ever preached the Gospel so tenderly and eloquently as my mother, and she would have fainted to have been called on in public to preach, or even to pray. But in her house, and in a woman's place, she told the story more sweetly and lovingly than some mighty preachers, I have heard.

And many of the most effective laborers in God's vineyard, are humble members of the church, who, out of love to Christ and the souls of men, go forth saying "Come," and reach thousands of hearts and homes which are closed to the ordained ministry. To them, especially, I think that gracious promise in Malachi, which closes the Old Testament, is applicable.

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

BAPTISM WITH THE HOLY SPIRIT.

“Wait for the Promise!”—Acts I. 4.

Young Gentlemen :

I hope I need hardly admonish you that all your work will be in vain without the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. The most powerful engine is helpless and useless without a motive power. So is the most eloquent sermon and the ablest preacher. The power is *without* and *above any man, all men*. It is the “power from on high.” It is the power of God, the baptism of the Holy Spirit. All your theological training, all your learning, zeal and earnestness will avail nothing without it. Even “Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God gives the increase.”

The history of the Church furnishes too many sad proofs of this fact. There has been preaching enough to have converted the world, if it had been accompanied with the power of the Holy Spirit. On the day of Pentecost, one sermon, by an unlearned fisherman was blessed to the conversion of three thousand souls. The order is now reversed, and it takes hundreds, if not thousands of sermons, by educated men, to convert *one soul*.

Christ’s great commission to His servants was to “go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;” but they were not to go until they had received the power from on high,—the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

They waited until they received this power, on the day of Pentecost, and one sermon by the man who denied his

Lord, in that very city, was followed by thousands of confessions. Wherefore? Because he had the "power from on high," the power of God.

Why do not such results follow now, generally? Because we go *without* the *power*. That makes the difference. Surely, it is not in the learning, or ability of the preachers, nor in the condition or character of the congregations.

Everything is in our favor in these respects. Our preachers are not "unlearned and ignorant men;" and our congregations are not "Jerusalem sinners," fresh from the crucifixion of the Saviour.

The cause must be found elsewhere. I need only refer you to the inspired history of that day, in the first and second chapters of the Acts of the Apostles.

Nothing is more plainly taught in God's word, and in the experience of the Church than that the power to save men is not human, but divine. You have known the ministry of some most able and eloquent and godly men prove an almost barren failure, so far as the conversion of sinners. And you have known the labors of other most humble and unlearned men followed by the conversion of scores of souls. How true it is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," men are saved. Even Paul, the prince of preachers, said the Gospel is "the *power of God* unto salvation."

Until men learn that, their preaching will be in vain; only prophesying to dry bones, which can neither hear, nor see, nor move. Not until the *Spirit* comes and *breathes* upon them will they ever live and stand up. That such is the teaching of Scripture is too evident to need argument.

Then you must *wait* until you receive this promise and this power. Christ forbid the Apostles to *preach without it*.

There is no use of a man undertaking a work that he *can not* do. It is a waste of time and labor, and thousands are engaged in such fruitless efforts today, trying to do God's work, without God's presence and power.

It is worse than useless. It is sinful.

I hope I need not say that this baptism of the Holy Ghost, for service, is subsequent to and independent of His work in regeneration. The Apostles were regenerate long before Pentecost, but they were not baptized with the Holy Ghost until that day. Search the Scriptures and you will find many proofs of this fact. See Acts i. ii., viii. and xix. chapters, in which is given an account of the Holy Spirit's descent upon the Apostles, the Samaritans, the Ephesians, and in Matt. iii. and Acts x. upon *Christ himself*. Every Christian is a regenerate man, by the power of the Spirit; but every Christian, I am sorry to say, is not baptized with the Holy Spirit to render effective service as a Christian.

Compare the lives of the Apostles themselves, *before* and *after Pentecost*. That morning "the number of names together were about one hundred and twenty." And the same day, (*after* the baptism with the Spirit,) "there were added unto them about three thousand souls!" One hundred and twenty against three thousand! And these one hundred and twenty, the fruit of some three years preaching; and these three thousand the result of one sermon!

The Holy Spirit gives *life* in regeneration. The sinner is saved, and becomes a "Son of God." The baptism of the Holy Ghost gives *power* to the saved, the power to teach, preach and serve God effectively. The Apostles (except Judas) were saved men before Pentecost, but they were not successful preachers until they received "the power from on

high," on that memorable day. So will we be. Our ministry will be fruitless and unhappy, compared with what it might be, and *ought* to be.

For I want to say, that this great blessing was *not* an especial and exclusive gift to the Apostles, or confined to them and their age. Jesus had told them to "wait for the promise of the Father," the "baptism with the Holy Ghost." Peter, in his sermon on the day of Pentecost, said to the people, "Repent and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, for the *promise is unto you* and to *your children*, and to *all* that are *afar off*, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

If God has "called you," then "the promise is *unto you*," and that promise is the gift of the Holy Spirit. And blessed be His Name, the history of the Church since the day of Pentecost, abounds in many proofs that this precious gift has been bestowed on many "afar off," who have preached "not with enticing words of man's wisdom," but in "demonstration of the Spirit and of power." Search the Scriptures and the annals of the Church and you will need no other proof.

Now if God has made us such a gift, it is *clearly our duty to receive* it; as much our duty to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost for service, as the gift of Jesus Christ for Salvation. We can not be saved, ourselves, without receiving the gift of God in Jesus Christ. We can not lead others to Christ without receiving the gift of God in the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Our salvation depends on receiving Christ. The salvation of others depends on our receiving the Holy Spirit. Who can say which is the most necessary? Even Paul

said "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh." Will not every truly devoted Christian feel the same concern for the salvation of others, and seek the power that can save them?

How eminently true ought this to be of those who are called and sent upon this heavenly mission ; and how sadly and sinfully will they fail, without the only power which can qualify them for successful work, the power from on high, the power of the Holy Spirit.

If you ask me *how* to obtain this power, I need only reply, it is a gift; and the way to get a gift is to *receive* it ; and it is not an accident that this is the very word used by Peter on the day of Pentecost. "Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." It is the same word used by Paul to the Ephesians, "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed?" And it is the same word used by Christ himself when He breathed on His disciples and said "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

And Jesus never uttered a more precious promise than when He said "Ask and it shall be given unto you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." * * * "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

Did you ever try to solve that problem? Then you know something of God's infinite willingness to give you this last and best gift to His Church. A gift so great and important and indispensable that the Saviour said it was expedient for Him to leave the Church and the world that the Holy Spirit might come.

I may be permitted to add the testimony of Mr. Moody on this subject. "If these young disciples would learn, in the morning of their experience, one secret of success in Christian life and usefulness, it would save them from a great many dark hours. Conversion is one thing ; the power of the Holy Ghost resting on us for Christian life and service is another thing.

"At the close of Christ's life, the one thing He taught His disciples to look for was power, and they were to look for that because the Holy Ghost was to come. They were 'sons of God,' but without this special power, this 'Enduement of the Spirit.'"

Even more emphatic is Mr. Spurgeon's testimony. He said: "If we do not have the Spirit of God it were better to shut the churches, to nail up the doors, to put a black cross on them and say, "God, have mercy on us."

If you ministers have not the Spirit of God you had better not preach ; and you people had better stay at home.

"I think I speak not too strongly when I say that a church in the land without the Spirit of God is rather a curse than a blessing. If you have not the Spirit of God, Christian worker, remember that you stand in somebody else's way ; you are a tree bearing no fruit, standing where another fruitful tree might grow. This is solemn work. The Holy Spirit or nothing, and worse than nothing."

Such words from the great preacher whom God so long and so signally honored and blessed should be seriously and prayerfully considered. Let us see to it that they are not applicable to us.

HOW TO PREACH.

“And it came to pass in Iconium, that they went both together into the synagogue of the Jews, and so spake, that a great multitude both of the Jews and also of the Greeks believed.”—*Acts xiv. 1.*

We come now, young gentlemen, to one of the most important matters that will engage your attention. I need not say to you that there are *many* ways to preach. Doubtless you have seen this illustrated many times. But I would have you to learn to preach like Paul and Barabas at Iconium, who “so spake that a great multitude, both of Jews and also of the Greeks, believed.” I have known men to “so preach” that nobody believed. I need not say that such preaching is not apostolic, nor profitable, nor successful. Study that word “So.” They “so preached” a great multitude believed. If you will preach that way now multitudes will believe yet. The Gospel has lost none of its power, nor has God lost any of His love.

The Gospel is preached to be believed. If men do not believe, your preaching is vain, so far as their salvation is concerned. It becomes a savor of death instead of life to them. I see no reason why men should not “so preach” now. Certainly there is no reason on God’s side. We have still the promise of His presence and His power. The Holy Spirit is given to all who ask. Surely we can not lay the blame on God, if men do not believe our preaching.

I do not propose to write a book on homiletics or oratory. But I want to offer a few plain suggestions, the result largely

of my own observation and experience. To so preach that men believe, you must preach like you *believe it yourself*. I have often heard the Gospel from men who preached it like it was a fable, or a speculation, or a dream. They convinced nobody. Such had better been left undone or better done. Paul and Barnabas did not preach that way. They were dead in earnest, and they preached in earnest. They moved multitudes, because they *were moved themselves*.

Read Paul's sermons and epistles, which are moving the world yet, and you will learn the secret of his power. Do you hear him cry "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." Do you hear him say, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." Do you hear him pleading with his countrymen saying "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

No wonder such a man "turned the world upside down." No wonder a great multitude of Jews and Greeks believed when he preached. The reason men do not believe now is because we do not "So preach." The Gospel has to do with the most tremendous facts in the universe. God alone can comprehend them. All eternity is at stake on the result of this preaching. Heaven and Hell are the dread alternatives of believing or disbelieving. Two worlds are moving, to save or destroy the soul. How can a man deal with these great facts in a lifeless way? He has never felt powers of the world to come, who fails to make others feel them.

Pray God to baptise you with the spirit of earnestness, of zeal, of love ; the spirit of John the Baptist, and Peter and Paul, and above all, the spirit of Jesus.

Then you must not only preach earnestly but *plainly*. Paul said “ I had rather speak *five words* with my understanding that by my voice I might teach others also, than *ten thousand words* in an unknown tongue.” Young gentlemen, a good deal of preaching is in an unknown tongue to a large part of the congregation. All preaching not understood by the people had as well be in Latin or Greek. You observe Paul puts a very low estimate on such performances. Five words with the understanding are worth more than a whole series of sermons, in language unknown to the congregation.

He calls that kind of a preacher a Barbarian, because he does not know the meaning of his voice. (1 Cor. xiv, 11). Do not be Barbarians, by speaking in an unknown tongue the great truths of the Gospel. “ Except ye utter by the tongue words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken, for you shall speak into the air.” And such preachers generally speak to the air ; for people desert the pews where they hear only a dead language from the unknown tongue of a Barbarian. Remember Paul’s admonition to such, “ If there be no interpreter, let him keep silence in the church, and let him speak to himself and to God.” I have heard many sermons that needed an interpreter to translate them into the language of the people, if indeed they were worth it.

In what marked and sublime contrast is the sermon on the mount by the Divine Preacher ? How simple, how plain, how pointed, how practical ! Let that be your model.

I beg the pardon of the intelligent children of my church if I ever preach so unlearnedly and barbarously that they can not understand it. And remember that the great mass of people are children in understanding, when it comes to religion. They may be wise in everything else, but are blind and deaf to spiritual things. Therefore it is the more necessary to use "words easy to be understood."

It was the Divine Teacher who spake so the "common people heard Him gladly." In our ignorance and conceit we often speak so they can not understand us at all, and leave us gladly. Let us learn of Him who "spake as never man spake."

To this end it will be well to study the plainest language and the purest style. And, young gentlemen, your mother's Bible will furnish you the best model of that style. "Search the Scriptures" for that, as well as every other good thing. Learn to speak the English language, not a mongrel of Greek and Latin and English. I would leave out long words generally, and every word which people do not easily understand. Do not preach in theological or ecclesiastical phraseology. It is not the language of the people whom you wish to instruct. Nor is it the language of the Master who sent you to preach His Gospel.

I believe very much of Mr. Spurgeon's great power lay in the strong and simple Anglo Saxon in which he preached. Read his sermons and compare them with some others you have heard from *learned* men, who "speak into the air." And then compare the results of such learned preaching with the results of the blessed preaching of the great London preacher.

Then, I would recommend the judicious use of illustrations. The Gospel deals with great truths, but they are spiritual and invisible. We can not see God, or the soul, or angels, or eternity, or heaven, or hell, or faith, or hope or redemption. And these themes constitute the great burden of our preaching. But Jesus taught us how to bring them to the apprehension of men by His wonderful parables and miracles. So frequently did he use them, that it is said "without a parable spake He not unto them." Now, these parables were illustrations of spiritual truths; "heavenly diagrams," as dear Dr. Robinson used to call them.

While we may not know how to make parables, He has placed in our reach many illustrations of these great truths of religion. Your own reading, observation and experience should furnish you with many; and obliging authors have compiled many more of easy access. Do not be betrayed into *excess of use*, and smother your meaning beneath flowers and figures, or divert your audience with stories and similes. Use them only to throw a side-light on the great truths you wish to impress. For you must remember that the great object of all your preaching is the glory of God, and the good of men. The sermon which does not accomplish this, is worthless, though it be eloquent, and logical, and learned. For this reason, do not let your *sermon* engross your attention either in its style or delivery, but seek *first and last* the great end of the sermon—the *glory of God*, and the *salvation of men*.

Maybe I had better caution you against the length of your sermon. A good sermon is never too long. If it is, it ceases to be good. Therefore, stop while it is good. I have no sympathy with the popular cry for short sermons from

those who enjoy long speeches and operas. But I have known the effect of a good sermon destroyed by unnecessary length.

Preach for *effect*, and not against time. Some sermons of twenty minutes are long, and others of an hour are short. But men are human, and it is best not to weary a congregation by a long discourse. And do not think that a sermon is to be measured by the yard. It is better to *weigh* it. I have heard a twenty minutes sermon which out-weighed hours of empty exhortation. Let yours be weighty with great truths and earnest words. Such sermons need not be long, and ought not to be. Never weary your congregation, whether your discourse be long or short. It should have the earnest attention of the people. When you lose that, it is time to stop, or do something else.

Probably you would like to ask if you should use a manuscript. That depends on several things. Some "peculiar people" prefer it. As we must be "all things to all men," I suppose it is best to read to such men, unless you can teach them a better way. Then some preachers are peculiar. They can *read* better than they can *speak*. Well, such should read their sermons, if they can not learn a better way. Jonathan Edwards and Dr. Chalmers read their sermons, I believe, but that was a good while ago, and they were great enough to read. If you are *that kind* of men, you can use your manuscript. Not being of that kind myself, I had to learn another way, and an easier way for most of us to preach with effect. I never liked to see a *man* read a composition, and most people, I find, are very much like me. I never heard a lawyer read his argument before a judge, though he spoke all day. He would probably lose his case if he did. I think

we all can agree that *reading* to an audience is not so effective as *speaking*, and all preach for effect, and ought to do it in the most effective way.

Do not understand me to say, your sermon should be *extemporaneous*. Very far from it. Generally, I would recommend that every word be carefully written, and if necessary, memorized. But you will find that it is not necessary, nor best to confine yourself to the *words* of your written sermon. Master your subject, and let it master you, and you will not need a manuscript, and could not use it if you had it. I had the misfortune to lose my valise containing the manuscripts of my sermons, at Eufaula, Ala. Some of my people were glad of my misfortune, for they thought I got along better without them, though I never used them in preaching. Better depend on God and your subject, and the occasion, than on the lifeless epistle of a written sermon. I have heard some very fine sermons read from manuscripts; but I have been moved and melted by others not half so fine which were *spoken* from the *heart*. Let me recommend you to try it.

It may prove helpful in the beginning of your ministry to make a brief sketch or skeleton of your discourse, with the principal divisions and illustrations, and keep it near to refresh your memory. But you will soon learn to dispense with even this help. I need not stop to point out the many and great advantages of preaching without manuscript. You will find them set down in any good treatise on public speaking, and you will discover them in your own efforts. Believe me, young, gentlemen, you will not find it so difficult to tell what you know, as to *know* what to *tell*. There is no trouble in getting water out of a full barrel.

And this suggests the importance of being able to teach the people. That is your commission, "Go teach all nations." From the exercises of some preachers, you would suppose their commission read, "Go *exhort* all nations." Teaching is the communication of knowledge. People soon get tired of platitudes, and barren exhortation. Truth is the food of the soul. It can not live on husks of sentiment or excitement. Your duty is to *feed the sheep*; they will soon quit coming if you quit feeding them, no matter how loudly you may call. The veriest sheep knows *corn* from *cobs*, and deserts the fold where it is not fed. So, if you would fill your pews, and fulfill your mission, feed the sheep on the rich spiritual food God has so abundantly provided in his word. Then you will see your people growing in grace, because they are growing in knowledge, under your ministry.

WHAT TO PREACH.

"Preach the Gospel."—*Mark xvi: 15.*

You may think it quite unnecessary, to even suggest what a preacher of the Gospel ought to preach. But after you have had more experience you will decide that some preachers of the Gospel preach anything but the Gospel. I just read of a cultured young preacher who had recently returned from Germany, and preached before a congregation, mostly of farmers, upon "The subjective influence of Christian consciousness." An honest deacon said the more he 'unfolded it, the more he covered it up.' Probably that preacher would have been better employed sawing wood.

I hope I need hardly say to you, young gentlemen, that you are sent to preach the Gospel; not philosophy, or politics, or poetry, or history, or metaphysics, or your opinion, your theory, or yourself, but the Gospel! That is to be the substance, and scope, and extent of your preaching. Even Paul, great and learned as he was, said, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Philip, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit "preached Jesus" to the Ethiopian eunuch. Your commission reads: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Do not be afraid that you will soon exhaust this theme. You will find that it grows upon you. The landscape widens as you ascend the mountain of God. The Gospel deals with the greatest facts in the Universe. It is infinite love, and infinite wisdom, and infinite power. These are mighty themes. You can not exhaust them. It is everlasting life from an Eternal Spirit to an immortal soul. You can not measure these. It invites to a heaven of unutterable glory, and warns from a hell of bottomless despair. It lays three worlds under tribute for arguments to save souls to God and life. Heaven and earth and hell are moving to save or destroy the souls of men. God and angels and men are active agents in this mighty conflict. What theme ever engaged human or angelic energies, comparable to this Gospel?

Like its Divine Author it has many phases--many points of contact with men. It reveals to him his lost condition; points out to him his utter helplessness; shows him how it is self-procured and sinful; how God devised, and his Son executed this wonderful plan of Redemption, revealed in the Scriptures; how that Son, at an infinite cost, purchased sal-

vation ; and how God, the Holy Spirit, applies that redemption to the soul in conversation ; how this salvation is freely offered to every creature ; and how by faith and repentance it is received as the gift of God.

But, young gentlemen, it would require a volume to set forth even the chief features of this Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. John tells us that he “supposed that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written” to tell the things which Jesus did. And this is the Gospel! I remember that when I first began to preach, I was apprehensive that I should soon exhaust the subject. And after finishing my first sermon, I had about finished my material, poetry and all. I have learned a good many things since, and nothing more strange and wonderful than the infinite fullness and freshness of the “Glorious Gospel of the Blessed God,” as Paul calls it. As I read my Bible, I select themes for discourses on this Gospel, and I reckon have enough laid up for a hundred years already.

No man or angel has ever yet heard or seen or felt all the love and grace and power and glory that is hidden in that “old, old story of Jesus and His love.” Not only will we never exhaust it on earth, gentlemen, but Eternity itself will be none too long to “comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.”

As everything must be done decently and in order, in God’s house, I may suggest to you something of the order in which I generally present these gospel truths, when preaching as an evangelist. You will soon discover that the saints generally need as much preaching as the sinners; not for their conversion, but for their revival. In God’s Economy

of Redemption, he makes the church his agent in reaching the unconverted. It is as true to-day as in ancient days of Israel, that Salvation cometh out of Zion. The prayer meeting preceded Pentecost. The asking must precede the giving. Zion must travail before her children are brought forth.

Therefore I seek first the revival of the church, and direct my first efforts to secure the earnest and active co-operation of all the members in prayer, and praise, and work. Until the church is revived, there is little use in preaching to sinners. For this purpose I preach upon the duty and necessity of such revivals on the part of the church. The power of prayer is illustrated by many examples recorded in the Scriptures, as **Hannah**, and **Elijah**, and **Moses**, the **Syropheneccian woman**, and the importunate friend, the widow and the unjust judge.

The Scriptures abound in many examples of prevailing prayer. And God has not left Himself without many witnesses in these last times, that He is still the Hearer and Answerer of prayer; but in times and ways without number has shown that His hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear. I hope your own experience will furnish you many precious illustrations of this truth.

The duty of repentance for their sins, and confession of them, including their lukewarmness, which is most offensive in God's sight, should be urged upon the church kindly and plainly. Earnest and believing prayer for revival should engage every heart until God answers, as He surely will. But you should not forget that one of the most important means of revival of the church is *working* in God's vineyard.

The prayer that does not move *us* will not move God. We show our prayer by our works, as well as our faith. Fred Douglass said he prayed long for freedom, put never got it until he "put feet on his prayers."

So we must put feet on our prayers if we expect them to reach the unconverted. God works through means, and we are His means for the salvation of men. Let the Church understand then, that prayer alone will not raise the dead sinner, any more than prayer alone will raise a crop of corn. The stone had to be rolled away before Jesus commanded Lazarus to come forth. Our duty is to roll away the stone. God could save men without the preaching of the Gospel, but God does not do it. It has "pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe." We are to do the preaching, God does the saving. Paul must plant and Apollos water, before God will give the increase.

So we are co-workers with God. We can not do God's part, and He will not do ours. We can not make the seed grow, but we can plant it. We can not raise the dead, but we can roll away the stone. We can not save a soul, but we can bring it to Jesus, as Philip did. We can not heal lepers, but we can publish the fame of One who can. We can not cast out devils, but we can "tell how great things the Lord hath done for us." These truths should be impressed upon God's people in order to secure their active co-operation in this great work. They should pray earnestly, and labor faithfully in bringing people to church, and bringing them to Christ.

God has given to "every man his work," and no one man can do two men's work. How much less could one preacher do the work of a whole church. Get every one to

do his work, and in that way only will the world be saved and God satisfied. The slow progress the Church has made in the conversion of the world, is due largely, I believe, to the fact that most of its members do little or nothing for its advancement. Most of the work is done by "a remnant." The Master is still asking, "were there not ten cleansed; but where are the nine?" You will find the churches filled with these nines. What changes would come over the church and the world, if we could get all these to work as well as the one Samaritan !

WHAT TO PREACH TO THE UNCONVERTED.

Of course a different order of truths must be presented to the unconverted. They are not servants and have no place or work in God's vineyard. They are not saved, and can not be expected to help save others. Their first duty is to be saved themselves, and then try to save others. But you are met at the outset by the sad fact that the sinner is ignorant of his lost estate. Until he is awakened to a sense of this fact, and convicted of sin he will not want or accept salvation. If a man does not believe he is diseased, he will not want a physician or take a remedy. So your first duty towards the sinner is to show him his lost estate.

This great fact is asserted in God's word in the most emphatic terms, and illustrated in the most graphic imagery. In Genesis, chapter vi. verse 5, we read, "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." What rhetorician could state the utter ruin of sin and total depravity of mankind in stronger or more unequivocal language? So incorrigible and desperate was the race of

men that God determined to wipe them off the face of the earth, and drowned them all with a flood except Noah and his family.

In the first chapter of Paul's letter to the Romans is a picture of mankind as appalling as it is true. David asserts that there is "none that doeth good; no, not one." John, the beloved disciple, declares "if we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." So you will find no want of themes under which to set forth this sad condition of the sinner, the inevitable end of which is death.

When you have done this, then, of course, the next and only proper theme is the remedy for sin, the blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth from all sin, the Gospel of God's free grace to all men. Paul's answer to the Philippian jailor is your answer and theme to every inquiring sinner, "*Believe*" Everything else is "another Gospel" and not only deceptive, but sinful.

THE PREACHER.

“We are Ambassadors for Christ.”—2 Cor. v, 20.

Probably I ought to say a word here about the character you bear, and the conduct which becomes it. I am sorry to say some of us sometimes forget who we are, and wherefore we are sent. One word in the Bible should give you such a conception of the dignity and honor of your office, that would forever prevent you from any conduct unbecoming your station; that word is “Ambassador.” “Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ,” etc. (2 Cor. v, 20.) An ambassador is a representative of a court or a government, and has the interests and honor of that court to sustain. The preacher is an Ambassador from the Court of Heaven—from the King of Kings—bearing the most important and solemn messages to His subjects.

Now I leave you to determine what character becomes such an office,—what wisdom, what prudence, what dignity, what dec^rum, should distinguish so high and noble a calling. How sadly it is degraded sometimes by the levity, the flippancy, and the worldly conformity of one who wears the insignia of the King. A good woman once said of a minister, that she was sorry she ever knew him out of the pulpit. Let no one ever have occasion to criticize your ministerial conduct in such language as that. Such a minister greatly impairs his influence in the pulpit, as well as out of it.

Do not understand me to say that a preacher should be a recluse, or a martinet, or a cynic. Very far from it. He

should be most agreeable and approachable, most kind and companionable, but never to forget what he is, and whom he represents. Let him always commend his Master and his message by his walk and conversation. The silent example of such a minister, who maintains the dignity of his Divine Court, and commission, will have a greater influence among men than eloquent discourses from the lips of a man who lowers his vocation by unseemly conduct.

Men have an instinctive sense of what becomes a man who claims such a high and honorable office as God's minister. And they soon lose respect for, if not confidence in one who fails to maintain the dignity and honor of his station. When Paul said he was "made all things to all men," he did not mean that he became *worldly* to catch *worldly* people, or simple to catch simple people, or fashionable to catch fashionable people. He never condescended to such tricks. No man ever maintained the high character of an Ambassador of Heaven with more dignity and honor than Paul. In a far different sense he became all things to all men, as he tells us: "Unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ), that I might gain them that are without law."

You will find it a most profitable exercise, frequently and prayerfully to study the Epistles of this prince of preachers to Timothy and Titus. They contain the inspired wisdom of an ambassador whom God honored above all men of his time, and whose mighty influence has moved the world for nearly two thousand years.

I can not dismiss this subject without a word as to your conduct as disputants. You will often, in your work, be thrown with those who "oppose themselves." You will require more grace than is ordinarily given us, if you do not *dispute* instead of "*instruct* them," as Paul commands. Remember always that you will never persuade everybody to see as you see, or believe as you believe. Neither Jesus or Paul did that. The constitutions of men's minds differ as much as the color of their hair, or the size of their bodies. If any oppose themselves, Paul says "*instruct* them in meekness;" do not scold them, nor abuse their errors, but "*instruct* them in meekness," and not in anger. "*The servant of the Lord must not strive*, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient."

If you will mind that, young gentlemen, it will save you a world of trouble, and maybe of mortification. I never had a dispute in my life, that I was not ashamed of myself afterwards, even though I came off victor. That is not the way to win souls, or to defend the faith. Doubtless some doughty champion of an opposing doctrine will challenge you to a *dispute*, as they have done me. I merely invite him to occupy my pulpit, and preach the truth as he understands it to my people, and let me do the same for him and his people. But I have never had such a privilege yet. And do not forget that good and true men may hold doctrines which you consider unsound and unsafe. Treat them with consideration, even while you try to teach a better way. There is something better than orthodoxy; it is charity. "*Now abideth faith, hope and charity; these three; but the greatest of these is charity.*" Be sound in faith, be strong in hope, but above all, be full of charity.

CLOSET PRAYER.

“Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father, which is in secret.”—*Matt.* vi. 6.

If I were to say, young gentlemen, that of all things, prayer was the *most important* part of your ministry, I would not exaggerate it. It is at once the means of your success, and the measure of it. Mr. Goulburn has well said, ‘whoever has learned how to pray, has mastered the great secret of spiritual life.’ And I would add, of *pulpit power*, too. The man who does not pray, can not preach, and better not. It is a mockery.

If “prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,” how much more is it the preacher’s? And how dead is the man without breath, and the preacher without prayer? God made it the condition of His bestowment of the only Agent that can make our ministry successful,—the Holy Spirit. The invincible logic of Paul, and the mighty eloquence of Apollos, were nothing without the power of the Spirit, which is given only to earnest and believing prayer. As well try to raise crops without rain or sun, as to save men without prayer. God only can give the increase, and He gives it only in *answer to prayer*. If I were called upon, my young friends, to point out the principal cause of so much preaching, and so little fruit, I would say, the *want of prayer*.

I have had some considerable experience in preaching this Gospel, up and down in this country, and I do not remember *one single instance* in seventeen years where God ever failed

to visit and bless the people who sincerely and earnestly sought this blessing and the conversion of souls. I have known of big meetings and big preachings that ended in a signal failure, for the simple reason that *God was not invited*, —that His power was not invoked, which alone saves men.

Neglect anything else, but do not neglect the secret of your power; for your power with men will answer to your power with God. This is the plain teaching of God's word everywhere. We are commanded to "pray without ceasing." We are promised every gift in God's hand in answer to prayer. We are cited to the example of Christ himself, who prayed all night. We are encouraged by the success of numberless saints whose names and history are left on holy record for our instruction and encouragement.

The testimony of all ages confirms these sacred teachings.

What made Alleine the power he was in the world? His wife writes that when in health "he did rise constantly at or before 4 o'clock and would be much troubled if he heard smiths or other craftsmen at their trades before he was at communion with God." Sometimes he would devote *whole days* to these secret exercises, (of prayer and communion with God and singing Psalms.)

We do not wonder at the work of Henry Martyn when we read this extract from his journal: "Sept. 24. The determination with which I went to bed last night of devoting this day to prayer and fasting, I was enabled to put into execution." After the first year of his ministry he "judged that he had dedicated too much time to public ministrations and too little to private communion with God." How more truly may we all take that language as our own?

David Brainerd's diary has this note in it: "Lord's day, April 25. This morning spent about two hours in sacred duties, and was enabled more than ordinarily to agonize for immortal souls; though it was early in the morning and the sun scarcely shone at all, yet my body was quite wet with sweat."

These are among the *Mighties of God's Army*, and their might was of God and not of men, and they received it because they sought it "with all their heart." Young gentlemen, here is the secret of your power and success. Seek it and receive it from God in *your closets*. The baptism of fire is only received in the upper room of communion with God. So the glory of the transfiguration of our souls comes upon us only when we pray.

I believe Spurgeon did not state it too strongly when he said: "All our libraries and studios are mere emptiness compared with our closets." "There is no rhetoric like that of the heart, and no school for learning it but the foot of the cross. It were better that you never learned a rule of human oratory, but were full of the power of heaven born love, than that you should master Quintillian and Cicero and Aristotle, and remain without the Apostolic anointing." And this anointing is only promised to those who pray. Hannah set the rule and gave the secret of prayer when she told the prophet she had "poured out her soul before the Lord." Here is where our ministry fails and is barren. It lacks the outpouring of the soul before the Lord.

That prayer set aside the laws of nature, and procured a temporal blessing, not only upon her heart and home, but upon the world. You do not wonder when I tell you that the Judge of Israel for forty years, the Anointer of Kings,

and the Author of four Books of the Bible, was the answer to that prayer. How much more warrant have we to pray for the bestowment of greater spiritual blessings, for which we have the repeated and express promises of God. The apostles understood this when they left serving tables to others, that they might "give themselves to *prayer* and the ministry of the Word." You observe they put *prayer first*, the place of honor and importance. So put it in your ministry.

PUBLIC PRAYER.

"I exhort therefore, that first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men —I. Tim. ii. 1.

Of course you will be expected to lead the whole congregation in their approach to the Throne of Grace. Our Form of Government gives you an admirable outline of the appropriate heads of public prayer. But I beg you not to suppose that you are bound to go through it all every time you pray.

Remember we are "not heard for our much speaking," or *loud* speaking either. One might suppose from some men's prayers that God was very ignorant or very deaf. God knows what we all have need of, before we ask; and He hears not only our words but our *thoughts*. Above all things let your prayers be *appropriate*. Do not pray for rain when it is pouring down, nor for contentment when the church is asleep and sinners dead. Words in season are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Let your prayers abound in such. There are some petitions that are always appropriate.

But our circumstances are so various, and our wants so diversified that set forms of prayer are often ridiculous, if not absurd.

First know definitely what you want, and then ask for it definitely. Do not pray to the *audience*, but to God. As he is in Heaven, and you on Earth, let your words be few and plain, and your manner be humble and reverent. True prayer is a gift. Ask God for it, and use it, and cultivate it. To be mighty in prayer, is greater than to be mighty in the pulpit, though they generally go together. I have heard prayers from the pew, which were better than the sermon from the pulpit.

Do not call on a brother to pray, simply because he is a preacher. I am sorry to say, some have not this gift. If one cannot learn to pray to *edification*, better let him pray in secret. I am not one of those who believe that every man is called upon to lead the public services of the sanctuary. Some of the best men I know have no gifts for public speaking or prayer. They lose their voice or their mind when called on in public. My rule is to ask those to pray who can do so to edification. Those who do not, I let alone, whether they be preachers or not. A lifeless, aimless, heartless prayer reaches neither God's ear nor man's heart.

Be sure your prayers do not weary your congregation. The most earnest prayers are not long. Presbyterians and some others are somewhat given to long prayers. Men are human, very human, and must be dealt with according to the laws of human nature. It does not do to say they ought not to get weary in speaking to God; they do. "Let your moderation be known to all men," in prayer as well as in preaching. Prayer is more of a spirit than a form or an ex-

ercise. Have that spirit always, and pray always, but not out loud.

It may not be out of place to speak a word here in reference to attitude in prayer. Always remember that prayer is an address *to God*. Of course, such creatures as we are should only approach Him in the most humble and reverential manner. Our Methodist brethren kneel down in prayer, Presbyterians generally stand up. Either is proper and scriptural. But sitting upright is neither. It is not respectful or reverential. The tallest archangel in Heaven stands in God's presence. Shall a "*worm of the dust*" remain *seated* while addressing the Deity.

If we ought to "rise up before the hoary head," what attitude becomes us when speaking to the "Ancient of Days," "The King of Kings and Lord of Lords!" My own habit is to *request* the whole congregation to *stand* during prayer, or to kneel down, according to circumstances. If there are many prayers offered it is best to vary the attitude, as some persons, the aged and weak, can not continue to stand.

ATTITUDE IN PRAYER.

“I will, therefore, that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting.”—I. Tim. ii. 8.

Nothing can be called of small importance connected with our approach into the presence of the most august Ruler of the universe. A moment’s reflection will persuade us that any office connected with the service of the great God assumes proportions far transcending any earthly function. Every action becomes significant when connected with so important a ceremony as the worship of God.

Where reverence and respect are due, the failure to render them must proceed from ignorance, indifference, or contempt of the requisition. But neither of these should be predicated of those who claim to be children of the King of kings, whose authority and claim to all homage and adoration it is certainly unnecessary here to establish.

Pre-eminently, in prayer, we presume to approach into the immediate presence of God, and we, “who are but dust and ashes,” undertake to speak to the great and holy Jehovah. This fact should suggest to us the necessity of the profoundest reverence, the most unfeigned humility and self-abnegation. If men prostrate themselves before earthly potentates, what posture or office would adequately signify our homage to the “Blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords?” If we order our words aright before human authority, and have respectful reverence for their presence, how much more careful and respectful should we be in

our approaches, when we undertake to speak to infinite Wisdom and infinite Majesty! The fate of Nadab and Abihu, and of the men of Beth-shemesh, should warn us of irreverent approaches into His presence, who is a consuming fire to all sin.

The proper attitude of those who come into His presence might be left to the sense of propriety in every reverent and intelligent mind; but it may be profitable and edifying to recall some of the instances of such approach among those who worshipped God acceptably.

First, I mention *prostration* as a mode practiced from the earliest ages, and most becoming in seasons of great affliction and profound humiliation. Joshua and the elders of Israel, after the defeat of Ai, continued a whole day prostrate in prayer before God. Subsequently David and the elders of Israel worshipped in the same manner. So Job, in the season of his great afflictions, worshipped God, prostrate in His presence. Indeed, it seems the most appropriate way that worms—dwellers in the dust—can approach into the presence of the great God, the Majesty of Heaven. And even the four-and-twenty elders in heaven prostrated themselves before God, casting their crowns at His feet. And, most wonderful of all, the Son of God himself, in his fearful agony in Gethsemane, is represented as praying prostrate before God. Then, with what awful reverence and profound humility does it become us to approach him! But though suited to certain seasons, and most becoming certain passages in the Christian's life, prostration is neither necessary nor practicable on all occasions.

In the second place, we find that *kneeling* before God has been practiced by the great and good in all ages, as a proper

and respectful attitude in His presence. Daniel so prayed, and David, and Stephen the martyr, and Paul, and many more, and even the Saviour himself, so prayed. It is a significant and becoming posture, expressive of earnestness, humility, and reverence, and is universally practiced by a large and zealous Church of Christians throughout the world; but it seems to be most appropriate to private and family devotions, and is so practiced by a majority of all Christians.

Finally, I mention the attitude that has obtained in our Church, and been practiced since the reformation among Presbyterians, viz., *standing*. It is strongly supported by Scriptural examples, and been confirmed by the practice of the Church, from the apostles down. In Solomon's grand prayer at the dedication of the temple, all the people stood up in prayer. So Jehoshaphat commanded all the people to stand upright while invoking God's favour. So they prayed in the temple and synagogue (Luke xviii. 13), and the early churches followed this custom, as testified by Justin Martyr, Origen, Jerome, Augustine, etc. The twentieth canon of the First General Council of Nice enjoined this mode on the whole Church, except on certain occasions and particular persons. This mode particularly recommends itself on account of several minor considerations, such as being convenient on all occasions, respectful, appropriate for all persons, and calculated to insure attention and wakefulness.

We look in vain through the Bible and the lives of the devout, in all ages, for a single example of the *irreverent posture of sitting in prayer*. Reason, religion, and history alike condemn it as most disrespectful and irreverent. Of course, there are exceptions to this requirement, where age, disease, or decrepitude prevent its observance, but in no other cases.

The growing prevalence of this *most irreverent and disrespectful habit of sitting* during public prayer, which pains our eyes on every side, has induced me to lift up a protest against it.

THE PASTOR'S PART.

“Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers to feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood.”—*Acts xx. 28.*

Whether you be pastor or evangelist, there are certain duties that belong to the pastor in revivals, which deserve some notice. In the first place, no one can take a pastor's place in his own church, during a revival or at any other time. Never try it. He is the bishop of the flock, and must so esteem himself and be esteemed.

The success of a meeting for revival depends on him more than any other. I had about said more than *all* others. If he is alive and at work with a sincere desire to win souls for Christ, the meeting will be both pleasant and profitable. If he is lifeless and listless, sleeping when he ought to be working, the sooner you leave there, probably the better. People are apt to be very much like their preacher. Love and zeal are contagious, and I am sorry to say, indifference and laziness are even more contagious.

Nothing short of a Divine command will ever get me back to some churches, or some preachers. Life is too short, and time too precious to waste much of it at indifferent Meroz or unbelieving Nazareth.

God pronounces woes not only on Pharisees and hypocrites, but upon those that are "at ease in Zion." The pastor should exhaust every means to rally all his people to the "help of the Lord" upon occasions of revival services. In spite of all he can do, a sinful gravitation will make many of them "settle on their lees." Special occasions should be seized to awaken them from so dangerous a lethargy. The way for the coming of the Lord should be prepared, by prayer and faith and repentance. Special services of prayer should precede and accompany the meetings of a revival. The church that is not a praying, working body, need not expect, and will not have souls added to it. Salvation goes forth out of Zion. God's time to favor her, is when His people "take pleasure in her stones, and favor the very dust of God's house."

When preaching for a brother pastor in his church, I give him the pre-eminence he deserves. I always insist on his taking the leading part, and let me assist him. I always insist on his occupying his own pulpit on Sabbath morning, except under extraordinary circumstances. As there is no one who knows his people so well as he, so no one else can say to them what he can say and ought to say. And no one should have the influence he has among his own people. Let him use this for God and men.

A wise pastor will be on the alert during a revival, to take advantage of every opportunity to reach *all* his people, and bring them under the influence of the Gospel. Nor will he fail to reach out after those who are *not* Christians, and try to win them to Christ. He should see that every part of the service is the best possible under the circumstances; the best singing, the best praying, the best ushers, the best working,

the *best service of every hand and heart*. Don't leave things to do themselves, or be done by everybody. "What is everybody's business, is nobody's."

I generally ask a conference of the officers of the church, and secure a good man who will be responsible for proper heating and ventilating the house; another who will be responsible for the lighting, and for the singing; another for the seating of the congregation, etc. They may secure as many assistants as they wish.

My memory often recurs, with pleasure, to a meeting once held at Selma, Ala., then without a pastor, when the responsibility for every part of the service was assumed by some faithful and efficient man. I never knew a more effective service. If some such course is not pursued, you will find yourself in a sea of troubles. The lights will grow dim; the air will get foul; there will be nobody to lead the singing; the fires will go out; the elders will lay the blame on the deacons; the deacons will lay it on the sexton; the sexton will lay it on the stove, or on the devil, as good Brother Barnes did; so between them all, it gets clear beyond your control. Begin in time, and save your voice and your temper, and your friends.

During a harvest, every moment, every hand, is needed to save the grain, or it is lost. Seasons of revival are harvest times for souls. Let every soul be praying and working. There is no time now for other occupations. Things harmless at other times, may be *sinful* now; this is no time for amusements or secular conversation or concerns, except such as are necessary or unavoidable. Such seasons are *limited*. Only when the waters *were* troubled, was there healing in

Siloam. Even the poor, willing cripple, was not in time to be healed. The five late virgins failed to get in.

The pastor must be an "example to the flock" in this work and temper, as well as in every other. Let him say "*Come*," not *go*. So reads the last great command to the Christian, "Let him that heareth say *Come*." The man in the *rear* can not say "*come*." Paul said "*follow me*." So do you say to the people, and see how cheerfully they will come, who otherwise would wait. The Church is a congregation, a flock, and flocks *follow leaders*.

It has been my good fortune to assist a number of such pastors. I need not say that it was both a privilege and a pleasure; nor need I hardly add that God honored and blessed such a servant. He always does. I had little to do but "*stand still and see the Salvation of God*." Everything was ready for a revival; and God is always ready, so it came. It is no trouble to preach then. A man *couldn't help it*. It is no trouble to sing or pray or believe and be saved at such "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

In how sad and sorrowful contrast to this are some places I remember. It almost makes me *chilly* to think of them. Nothing prepared, nothing ready, no work, no prayer, no zeal! A funeral procession to the church, a dirge by the choir, and a "*solemn assembly*" of dry bones scattered around you! Do you think that a man could preach there? I honor Ezekiel, but I doubt if he ever had such an audience. His congregation of dry bones *heard*, and *rattled*, and *stood up*! I have seen some that were too deaf to hear, too dead to rattle, and too lazy to stand up! May God deliver me from such experiences. It is a crucifixion to any man with a heart in him. I have been crucified at such places, but I pray God to spare me in the future.

THE PEOPLES' PART.

“To every man his work.”—*Mark xiii, 34.*

Young gentlemen, learn in the outset that you can not do all the work, and ought not to do it all, and are not expected to do it all.

God has given “to every man his work,” and part of your work, and a most important part, is to get other people to do their work.

And the success of your ministry will depend very largely on your ability to get others to do their part. No one man can do the work of two. If you get ten to work, you will do ten times as much work as you could alone. So of one hundred.

So far as possible every member of the congregation should be induced to take part in the song service. It is the only part in which all can take an audible part.

To this end, they should all be provided with song books. The hymns and tunes should be familiar. They should be sung with animation and spirit.

Then the people should understand that the preacher is not expected to do all the praying. He is only the *leader*.

Every soul should pray, and “with one accord,” call upon God for His presence and blessing.

Godly members of the church may often be asked to lead the prayers of the congregation, many of whom can do it just as acceptably as the minister.

Let these prayers be frequent, brief, and earnest.

Then a most important part of the work can only be done by the members, in bringing the people to church.

Those who do not come to church are a most hopeless class. The first thing to do is to get them where they can hear the Gospel preached. Their friends and neighbors can do this more effectively than the preacher.

God lays this duty upon all His servants. "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in."

That is strong language. It justifies and commands the most earnest and affectionate endeavors to bring the people to Christ and the Church.

The importunity of love, the earnestness of entreaty, and the preserverance of faith will compel many a reluctant sinner to come to God's house.

Andrew brought Peter; Philip brought Nathanael; the four friends brought the paralytic, though they had to carry him to the house, and take the roof off to get him to Jesus.

So persuade the people to bring their friends, and have their faith rewarded by their salvation.

The people of Gennesaret are immortal in sacred annals, because they ran throughout the whole country, and carried about in beds, all that needed healing, to Jesus.

I expect to find more people from Gennesaret in Heaven than from Nazareth, where "He could do no mighty work, because of their unbelief."

Persuade the people to imitate the noble example of the inhabitants of Gennesaret, and bring all their friends in reach of Jesus.

Impress upon the people their *responsibility* in this matter, and the happy result of a faithful performance of duty.

THE PARENT'S PART.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." --Prov. xxii. 6.

The world possesses but two sacred relics of our earthly Paradise, the Sabbath and the Family. But they are priceless relics, and both point us forward to the Eternal Sabbath Rest, and the "Paradise Regained" in Heaven. Upon these two pillars God has built His Church, of which Jesus Christ is the Chief Corner Stone. So long as these pillars stand the Church is secure. But the overthrow of either the Sabbath or the Family is the overthrow of the Church.

This fact should alarm Christians to the imminent danger involved in the sad neglect of family religion. Men forget that the Family is a Church, the Original Church of God, in the world, with its Altar, its Priest, and its Sacrifice. They forget that the Altar was erected in sight of Eden, and ought only to cease its holy functions when the family enters the Heavenly Eden. Family worship is older than the Bible. Indeed, it belongs to the constitution of our race and is born of our deepest necessities. It belongs to nations that never had a Bible. The Chaldean had his Teraphim; the Greek his Lares; the Roman his Penates; the Chinese his Ancestral Tablets.

It is only our Modern Christian who has undertaken to abolish the Church of God from his family. And the sorrowful result has been to abolish God from thousands of homes, and raise up a Godless generation of children. It is

stated on good authority that not five per cent. of Christian families maintain any form of worship in their homes. Do you wonder, then, at the wide-spread infidelity, the utter disregard of the Sabbath, and the prevailing lukewarmness and worldliness of the Church?

Christians should remember that from the very beginning, God has made His covenants with families; witness Adam, Noah, Abraham, Jacob, David. Hear Him say, "I will be the God of all the families of Israel."—(Jer. xxxi. 1.) How can He be the God of a family that never recognizes His authority, or worships His name; a family that has no altar, no priest, no sacrifice of prayer, no songs of praise?

Nor should we forget that God always blesses those families that honor Him. Hear what He said of Abraham,—"I know Abraham, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which He hath spoken of him."—(Genesis xviii. 19.)

Do you wonder that God said, 'all nations of the earth shall be blessed in him.'

But remember, Ebal always stands over against Gerizim. If God blesses the families that honor Him, He curses those that dishonor Him. Hear this awful malediction—"Pour out thy fury upon the heathen that know Thee not and upon the families that call not on Thy name, for they have eaten up Jacob, and devoured him and consumed him, and made his habitation desolate." (Jeremiah x. 25.)

That was the prayer of an inspired man, one of God's greatest prophets. May Mercy interpose in behalf of those families in our land that never "call upon the name of the

Lord." May God save them from the curse of " Jeroboam the Son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin ;"—and from the curse upon the sons of Eli ; who "made themselves vile and he restrained them not."

If God has made any duty of parents plain in His word, it is the duty of training their children to love and serve Him.

" Hear, O Israel ; the Lord thy God is one Lord. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children ; and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house and when thou walk-est by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."—(Deuteronomy vi. 4-9.)

How can any parent obey this solemn command who has no family altar; no worship in his home; no household God—who never prays with his children, nor teaches them to pray, or praise God in the family circle?

Observe! You can not, as parents, neglect and ignore these solemn and positive injunctions; no excuse will avail; they are not given as a matter of choice, they are imperative. Mark! "Thou shalt!" Hence by their omission you tacitly set at naught the counsel of God.

"Is God in this house?" asks the traveler in Green-land. If they answer yes, he enters; if no, he goes on. Is God in your house, or is it Godless? His blessing waits for an answer.

What an illustrious example of parental fidelity is furnished by the patriarch Job, and recorded in the first chapter of, probably, the oldest book in the world. "Job sent and

sanctified them (his children), and rose up early in the morning and offered burnt offerings, according to the number of them all; for Job said, 'It may be my sons have sinned and cursed God in their hearts.' Thus did Job continually." Do you wonder that God said of such a man, "There is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil." Do you wonder that God made him "the greatest of all the men of the east?" You need not wonder that God blessed and honored such a man. It is God's way.

He does it yet. God loves to hear "the voice of prayer, of rejoicing and salvation in the tabernacles of the righteous." It is a voice heard nowhere else.

No stream can rise higher than its source. The fountains of piety are in the family circle. If those fountains dry up, the stream must cease to flow. If they are poisoned, the stream becomes a source of death, and not life.

How is it in your family?

Here is God's command.

Have you obeyed it?

Here is His blessing on the Church in the house. Can you claim it? Here is His curse on families that "call not on his name."

Have you invited it?

I pray you seriously to consider these things, and say with noble John Howard—"Wherever I have a tent, there God shall have an altar."

THE MORNING SERVICE.

“In the morning sow thy seed.”—*Ecclesiastes, XI. 6.*

YOUNG GENTLEMEN:—In conducting evangelistic meetings you will soon discover the value of a daily morning service, and never willingly dispense with it. In the first place, life is too short to wait a whole day for an opportunity to preach the Gospel once. Better have three services a day than only one. Again, the blessing must come in answer to prayer, and a meeting for prayer should be held, at least, once a day.

The evening will generally have to be devoted to preaching the Gospel to the unconverted, who do not attend the morning weekday services. And many aged and delicate people and godly women can only come in the day time. And you will discover that your dependence for help will be found largely among these classes. Then insist on a service for prayer *every day*. I call it a “morning service,” because my experience has taught me that the morning is the best time. The people are fresher, more alive and active than after dinner, especially in warm weather. And so is the preacher.

The morning service brings the people out, and gives them time for work, in going to see others, and inviting them to church. The day is divided better than by having both services in the afternoon. Little time is left between the services, for work or rest, if they are both in the afternoon.

Some at a distance cannot attend both, and some will not, when they come close together. The preacher himself needs rest between the services ; at least I do.

Ten o'clock in the morning I have generally found to be the best hour. It is not too near the morning or noon meal to prevent housekeepers from attending. Consult their convenience. Don't fix your hour to suit the bankers and business men ; they will disappoint you. Your day congregation will be made up principally of the faithful women of the church, with occasionally a faithful man. These are His "jewels," 'who speak often one to another.' Of course, there are circumstances which may make another hour preferable.

In cities there is often a partial suspension of business at *noon*, and their dinner hour is later than in towns or the country. There the noon hour may be best. The largest attendance upon a week day service I ever saw was at Charleston, S. C. at *noonday*. It suited them best. But generally, ten o'clock in the morning is the most convenient.

I generally limit these services to one hour, as many business men and women cannot leave their business longer than an hour. But let it be an hour of earnest, active prayer and praise and exhortation. Let no part of the service be long ; short prayers for a definite object ; short and appropriate hymns ; and short talks on practical subjects. I seldom preach a sermon on such occasions. I think it is best not to do so. It is a meeting for prayer, particularly, and only so much of praise and exhortation as to relieve the service of weariness.

A talk of ten or fifteen minutes on some appropriate theme, (as prayer, work, faith, or repentance,) followed by

an earnest prayer and by an animated hymn, I have found most pleasant and profitable. This order may be repeated until the close of the hour. Long prayers, long hymns, or long sermons are fatal to a morning service, (or any other,) under ordinary circumstances.

If a ministerial brother present is in the spirit of the meeting, and can pray or speak to edification, ask him to take part. Otherwise, let him wait. The vast interests of souls should not be jeopardized by mistaken etiquette. A lifeless prayer, or an inappropriate speech, may undo the work of days of earnest effort. I have seen it done, and maybe done it myself. For this reason I do not generally throw the meeting open for general remarks. Many good people are not wise people. They do not understand the fitness of things. The unity of effect of the services is often destroyed by untimely remarks.

I had an experience at Mobile once which taught me a lesson, when a lay-brother and a stranger took an occasion of this sort, in time of profound interest in the church, to lecture the good women on pride. I thought it was both untimely and unjust, and said so. But the damage had been done.

Be careful then about opening the meeting too wide. A preacher must be *wise*, as well as harmless.

THE EVENING SERVICE.

“In the evening withhold not thy hand.”—*Ecclesiastes*, xi, 6.

In your evangelistic work, young gentlemen, you will discover that the evening (or night) service will have to be given largely to preaching to the unconverted; as your morning service should be largely given to the church members.

The unconverted do not generally attend day services, so you must try and reach them at night.

But all the services should at first be directed to arousing the *church to its duty*, in getting them earnestly to work and pray for God’s blessing, without which all your preaching will be in vain.

Salvation goes forth out of Zion. The church is God’s divinely appointed agent to reach the unconverted. Out of it must go the influences which must save men. Or rather in answer to her prayers, God sends His Spirit, which alone converts sinners. It is “not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.”

You remember Pentecost was preceded by ten days of earnest prayer, and do not expect Pentecostal power until the church and preacher are baptized with the Holy Ghost. Then preach like Peter to the unconverted, and expect them to be saved, and you will not be disappointed.

Of course, you will understand that nothing but the *Gospel* can accomplish this result. It alone is “the power of

God unto Salvation." Many other truths are valuable, and many other themes may be appropriate, sometimes; but nothing is either appropriate or valuable, now, but the Gospel of "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

I begin by setting forth the need of this Gospel, by showing the lost and hopeless condition of the sinner. For it is certain the sinner is blind to this great fact. Paul says the Gospel is "hid to them," because the god of this world has blinded their eyes. While you cannot open their eyes, you can show them that they are so blinded, and persuade them to come to Him who alone can open their eyes and save their souls.

The ruin of sin is not only frequently asserted in the Scriptures, but strikingly illustrated by many significant symbols, as—captivity, blindness, leprosy, death, etc. Many of the miracles and parables of our Saviour set forth this great truth in the most solemn and awful light. These will furnish you most fruitful and striking themes for your discourses to sinners.

The sermon which I remember best, and which probably first aroused me to a sense of my hopeless condition, was on Dives and Lazarus, preached by Dr. Stuart Robinson. In my own ministry, I have found those themes most fruitful of results, which set forth the utter ruin of sin and the free grace of God, in His Son. There is no use offering salvation to those who do not believe they are lost. They who *think* they are whole, will not want a physician. The Saviour first showed the Samaritan woman her sins, and then showed her the Fountain which cleanses sin. Let this divine method be the order of your ministry.

And be sure, young gentlemen, that you preach no emasculated gospel. Men are not sick, they are "*dead in trespasses and sins.*" They are not out of the way merely; they are *lost* beyond recovery by any human means. They are not only alienated from God, but are *enemies* of God, though they may not be conscious of the fact. These are sorrowful facts, but they are true facts, and all are commanded to speak the truth, in love. No untruth ever saved a soul, and it is not only useless, but sinful to preach it.

You will discover that these "hard doctrines," as they are sometimes called, are the only doctrines that meet the wants of the soul, and lead it to Christ. Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost, was harder than you are accustomed to hear, and more fruitful than you ever knew of. Mr. Spurgeon never shunned to "declare the whole counsel of God," containing the utter ruin of sin, the helplessness of the sinner, the Sovereignty of God, and Salvation by Grace; and you know the result of his faithful ministry. Compare it, if you please, with the work of some other man who "preached another Gospel," with equal ability and learning.

THE SINGING.

“Sing praises to God, sing praises.”—*Ps. xlvi. 6.*

From the beginning, praise has been an important part of the worship of God. God enjoined it. “Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord.” David’s choir was perhaps the finest ever organized. The Psalms were the ancient songs of the church. The value of this part of the service can hardly be over-estimated. No man who remembers his mother’s singing can doubt this. The remarkable success attending the evangelistic work of Mr. Moody and Maj. Whittle, was due in no small degree to the song service conducted by Mr. Sankey and Mr. Bliss.

And I believe that hundreds of souls have been won to Christ through the inspiring singing of Mr. Hopper, the efficient aid of our Kentucky evangelists; now a faithful minister of the Word. For my own part, I attribute much of the success of my labors in the mountains of Kentucky, to his singing the “Songs of Zion.” In some places, his was the only voice heard, because the people had no hymn books, and no training in sacred singing. The church has not always availed itself of this powerful auxiliary. But, recently, there has been an encouraging revival of its use. Many men, gifted in song, have been employed in this service, and are lending most valuable assistance to the evangelists and preachers. We need more of these “Sons of Asaph” to sing the gospel as the “multitude of the Heavenly Host” did at the Nativity.

While I can not say I am *opposed* to choirs, I am heartily in favor of congregational singing. I believe it is Scriptural, and I am convinced it is best. Let trained voices lead the singing, and let all the people praise God by joining in the song. The Methodist Church owes much of its success to the fact that they have always made much of singing, and all took part in it. I do not know that I ever knew a Methodist preacher who did not sing; and many of them sing well. I know of no reason, physical or ecclesiastical, why Presbyterian preachers, or any others, should be dumb when God's praises are sung.

It is a matter of importance that the man who leads the congregation, should know how to do it, when they come to sing as well as to pray. He would be a bad leader who would not pray, and not a very good one who would not sing. It sometimes occurs that there is no one else in the congregation who can lead the singing, and if the preacher can not do it, it must be left undone, very much to the detriment of the service. I am not much of a singer myself, but I remember the songs my father and mother sang in my childhood, and if nobody can do better, I sing them.

The *selection* of the songs is a matter of no small importance. Many of the recent and fashionable songs are unfit for the service of the sanctuary, and some of them positively irreverent. What would you think of one dedicated to "My Trundlebed," (found in a new and popular hymn book), or that other one, "Hold the Fort, for I am Coming." I am not sure, but "Satan leads on" all such sacrilegious songs. There are some precious Gospel hymns in the new publications. Use them by all means, but do not forget that age has detracted nothing from the value of those grand old songs.

of our fathers and mothers, found in our church hymn books. You can not improve on "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Rock of Ages," "Am I a Soldier of the Cross," etc.

By all means select *familiar* hymns. When people are assembled to worship God, is no time to be taking lessons in music. It is well enough to have people taught to sing, and I have always employed teachers of sacred music to instruct my own, but not at the time of public worship, or in seasons of revival. Let the solos, duets and quartets alone. They do well enough probably for picnics and parlors, but I never knew a successful revival carried on with such singing.

And my experience teaches me that choirs are dangerous things to have in the church. Like dynamite, they must be handled very tenderly, or they are liable to go off, at the wrong time. There seems to be something in the atmosphere of the organ loft, which affects the head. It sometimes elevates it above the pew and pulpit, too. Some good preachers, I have known, who might be named the "men afraid of their choirs." Pity them, and avoid their choirs.

A precentor to lead a large congregation, is a positive advantage, provided he has both grace and good sense.

I am not opposed to the organ, but I am opposed to letting it usurp the pulpit, and the singing too. Set it on the floor, and let it modestly lead the praises of the whole congregation. It is a very ambitious instrument, and it is hard to keep it out of a high place above the people and the pulpit. But if you want to achieve the best results, keep the *pulpit and the Gospel uppermost*. People sing best on their feet, but when the choir stands up, let everybody stand. If you do not, there is a breach created, and the choir generally does

all the singing, with the consent of the congregation. Have no divisions.

And don't forget the inspired hymns of the church. I can remember when the Psalms formed a precious part of the worship of God; and I am sorry to perceive they have been almost entirely ignored by our modern makers of singing books. The 23rd or 46th Psalm is worth a cartload of some of the new and fashionable church music. But whatever you sing let it be sung with spirit. Sing like Paul and Silas at midnight in the Philippian jail, so that the prisoners heard them, and God, too. Don't feel under any compulsion to sing every verse in the hymn. Some are too long, and some may not be appropriate. Provide books for everybody to sing, whether they sing artistically or not. God only hears the *melody of the heart*. See to it that the singing is worship and not *entertainment*, addressed to God and not to *men*.

VISITING.

“I have taught you publicly, and from house to house.” —

Acts xx, 20.

When you remember the great commission, “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,” you will need no argument to persuade you that your preaching must not be *confined to the pulpit*. Indeed, most of your preaching, and probably your best preaching, must be done outside of it. Jesus “went about doing good.” His example is your command. “Go and do likewise.” The preacher

who preaches only in the pulpit, will not only fail in his duty, but fail in the fruits of his ministry. Paul "warned men with tears," preaching from "house to house." If you ever hope to have any measure of his success you must follow his example. Jesus never preached with more power or success than he did to one man, by night; and one woman, by the well. And Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria are the glorious fruits of His personal ministry to two souls.

I have received thousands of people into the church, and I would say that nine-tenths of them, probably, were reached by private and personal appeal. Go to see the people in their homes, and shops, and stores, and wisely and affectionately persuade them to come to Christ. Thus you make the Gospel personal and particular. You bring it home to *each* individual conscience; you adapt it to his particular case; you make him feel that it is for *him* and he *needs* it. These ends can not be attained by popular preaching in the pulpit.

In your visiting among the people, do not become what Dr. Dabney would call "a parish vagrant," going about *dining* and *gossiping*, playing croquet or lawn tennis, and neglecting the first great duty of your life and calling, which is to persuade men to be saved. Some silly people may admire you as an expert player, but wise people will lose respect for you as a faithful preacher of the Gospel. There may be occasions when you can find time for such recreations (though I never did), but they should not be frequent, nor conspicuous.

Paul who said, "this one thing I do," found no time, I dare say, for amusements, which have little object but to kill time. When he wrote Timothy to give himself *wholly* to these things, he made no mention of those things which en-

gage so much of the time and attention of some men who are in the same holy calling.

The time is so short, the work so great, the need so urgent, the issue so transcendent that I confess to a secret suspicion of the sincerity of a preacher who can waste days in silly amusements, or in idle conversation. He neither "gives himself wholly" to his great work, as commanded, nor does even the "one thing," without which he does little or nothing.

No wonder you see so many fruitless lives in the church, and so many hopeless men out of it. There is a sad want of real earnestness and application to the greatest work God ever called men to do. At twelve years of age Jesus said He must be "about His Father's business," and His whole wondrous life is an illustrious example of labor, and love, and sacrifice. It should be our inspiration and model. No home was too humble for His footsteps; no soul too vile for His compassion.

The hand that planted the garden of Paradise opened its pearly gate to the dying thief. The love that fills the fountain of life quenched the soul thirst of the poor, nameless woman of Samaria. If that hand has opened your heart, or that love has quenched your thirst, it will be your duty as well as your pleasure to commend these heavenly gifts to those who perish by the way.

THE PRESS.

"He went out and began to publish it much."—*Mark 1, 45.*

Probably no agency of modern times is so powerful as the press, both for good and evil. It stands next to the pulpit in its influence for spreading the Gospel. Indeed, it is only another way of preaching the Gospel to every creature. It behooves us therefore to use it in every legitimate way. No man can estimate the mighty power of the Christian literature of our day. The religious newspaper finds its way into tens of thousands of homes, and reaches hundreds of thousands of people. Many of these people never go to church or hear a sermon. Many of them can not go.

I make it a rule to see some good religious newspaper in every home in my congregation, if it is possible, and it is generally possible, through the liberality of the editors. I can not remember the day when the *Presbyterian Herald* was not a weekly and welcome visitor to my father's house; and no man can know its influence for good in moulding the character of the children in that home.

Nor should the secular press be ignored or neglected in your efforts to win men to Christ. These journals reach tens of thousands of homes which never see a religious newspaper. Few families are without a local or metropolitan secular paper. Many of these papers are edited by earnest Christian men, who are willing and anxious to lend their influence for the Church and Christ.

I do not think the ministry or the Church use this powerful agency enough. Spurgeon once preached to a few thousand in the Tabernacle. He is still preaching to hundreds of thousands through the press. So of Cuyler and Talmage and others. So may we, in our humbler way, and smaller sphere.

Besides the newspapers, there are other powerful auxiliaries of the pulpit, furnished by the press, in the form of religious literature,—books, pamphlets, tracts, cards, etc. Our churches have yet to learn the inestimable value of the Colportage work. I do not know any man in the church, be he professor or preacher, who is doing a more valuable work for God and man than the colporteur, who is placing in thousands of homes the *Word of Life*, and the best literature of all ages. Who of us can preach like Bunyan, in the “Pilgrims Progress, or Baxter, in the “Saint’s Everlasting Rest,” or Alleine, in the “Alarm,” or a’Kempis, in the “Imitation of Christ?” Yet these are the immortal preachers the colporteur places in thousands of homes no other preacher ever enters. No man is more welcome to my church and congregation than the colporteur with his treasures richer than silver and gold. Invite him to your homes and your people, and give him the endorsement of your influence and example.

Besides this, the tract furnishes every soul winner a ready and simple and often effective means of bringing men to Christ. The world will never know what it owes to Richmond, and Ryle, and Newman Hall, for the precious light they have shined into millions of hearts and homes by their tracts. If I have accomplished little else by my ministry in the mountains, I have put the simplest and sweetest messages of the Gospel in thousands of homes, by means of these little

tracts. They invite the people to church, and I believe have brought many of them to Christ.

Use them liberally and judiciously in your work. They are now furnished in almost every form, and to suit every demand. Of course, *all* are not good, any more than any other human production. Use your judgment in the selection of tracts as you do of books and hymns. I have found the *smaller* copies more readily received, and more generally read. They are so cheap that a few dollars will provide thousands of them suitable to almost any condition or circumstance. The "Silent Evangelist" is an admirable method of preaching the Gospel in the streets and lanes, and out in the highways and hedges.

I hope I need not say that the *greatest* agency furnished by the press is the *printed Bible*. And your best service for lost men is to place the way of life in their hands. You will be surprised how *few* people read it, with any *regularity*, if at all. Urge them to do so, and give them the opportunity by providing them with it.

If they are able, they can buy it at a nominal price. If too poor, the "American Bible Society" generously donates books to all such; or liberal friends will share the expense.

When my face and voice are forgotten among the poor denizens of the mountains, I hope to preach to them through the Bibles and Testaments I placed in their humble homes. How often have I seen them walk miles over rough mountain roads for a Testament, and gladly receive the sacred treasure, and how diligently and patiently spell out its precious lessons of life from God's Holy Word!

METHODS.

“He had bewitched them with sorceries.”—Acts viii. 11.

Probably I ought to say a word about the methods used by some engaged in the evangelistic work. So far as I am concerned, I have never found any occasion or authority to use any method, except preaching the Gospel and urging sinners to accept Christ. That was certainly the apostolic method, and the history of the Church in all ages has proved it to be amply sufficient.

I have always been suspicious of methods not countenanced in God’s word, and which relied more upon human devices than upon the Holy Spirit. So far as I have been able to discover, the precept and practice of the church has been the simple and earnest proclamation of the Gospel, with prayerful dependence upon God’s Spirit to make it effectual. And it always seemed to me to be dishonoring God to substitute some other agency to reach men, than the Divine Agent in regeneration. I need not say that any other source of conversion is a delusion and a snare.

No human resolutions, or experiences, or ecstacies, can change a man’s heart, or make him a child of God. He “must be born again.” True preachers have never found it necessary to convert the pulpit into a stage for buffoonery, nor the church into a circus to draw a crowd. Such methods may be necessary to men who can not preach the Gospel, or do not believe in its Divine power to draw and convert

men. But to those who believe this Gospel "to be the power of God unto Salvation," all such tricks are mean and contemptible.

No man ever preached so simply and so plainly as the Divine Master, and no man ever drew such crowds. In His footsteps have followed all the great preachers from St. Paul to Spurgeon.

These new methods may excite curiosity, may amuse the multitude, may give notoriety to the performer, may even stir up feeling, and enlist supporters, and multiply members, but unless other and Diviner agencies are invoked, and secured, the result will be a barren disappointment. The play will not be worth the candle; harm will be done instead of good; the cause of religion will be damaged; and souls deceived by false hopes.

The means of Grace are plainly set down in God's word, and they do not include any theatrical performances, nor startling announcements, nor sensational appeals, nor scurrilous language. These methods bring discredit upon the ministry, and injury to the cause of Christ.

Be content, young gentlemen, to preach the Gospel as Peter and James and Paul preached it; in humble reliance upon God, who alone can give it success.

It has always seemed to me that all these questionable methods to attract men, and influence them, have their common origin in a want of knowledge of the source of our power, or a want of faith in God. To one who believes that "Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but God gives the increase;" it is not necessary to explain the folly and futility of all reliance on any human method to convert men. We are commanded to "preach the Word." God alone does the

saving. No human logic or eloquence much less human devices and demagoguery can convert a soul. It is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Ignorant people may confound tears with repentance, and confession with conversion, and shouting for salvation ; but no man who knows the Scriptures will ever be so deceived. To resort to any device to entrap men into the Church, is a surrender of the Divine way of Salvation ; is exchanging David's sling for Goliath's armor ; and dishonoring the Holy Spirit, and inviting the displeasure of God.

THE CHILDREN.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me ; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—*Matt. xix, 14.*

I hope it needs no argument, young gentlemen, to impress upon you the great importance of preaching the Gospel to the children. The world must be saved in its childhood. Every year added to one's age after youth, diminishes the chances of salvation. You will find plenty proofs of this in your ministry, and in every church in the land. Statistics show that a large majority of Christian people are converted before they are twenty years of age. There are many good reasons for this fact ; but we need not pause here to consider them. God is especially solicitous about the young.

He says, "I love them that love me, and those who seek me *early* shall find me." His command is "Remember now

thy Creator in the days of thy youth." His exhortation is "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." His last commission to the Apostle Peter was "Feed my lambs." This is our commission to-day. And we will be wise to heed it. I would recommend that you, habitually, cultivate a style of preaching plain enough for children to understand. They will then be attracted to the church, and instructed by your discourses.

But it will be necessary sometimes to hold special services for them, when all the exercises can be more especially adapted to the young. Those services I generally hold Saturday morning or Sunday afternoon, when I am engaged in a protracted meeting. And these are among the most fruitful of all the meetings. Let all the parts of the service be short and full of animation, and let the songs, prayers and speeches be adapted to children.

The lectures should be very plain and pointed and illuminated by apt illustrations. A short and appropriate story is worth a dozen long sermons to children. Above all, let it be full of the Gospel. There is no theme on earth comparable to the Gospel for children as well as the aged. Any child of good intelligence can understand this Gospel when properly explained. The want of information on this point, I think, has filled the church with doubt about the conversion of children. Men want the child to become a man to be saved. Jesus said a man must become a child before he can be saved. (Matt. 18th chapter). I would recommend you to take Jesus' side of the controversy.

Preach the Gospel to them for their acceptance, and expect them to believe and be saved. But do not expect them

to have the experience of old people. Remember they are children. Their exercises will be those of children. They will believe and repent and obey as children. But it will probably be a more genuine faith and obedience and repentance than a man's. And I am glad that this is the testimony of many of the wisest and best of God's servants.

During your meetings parents should be exhorted and encouraged to bring their children to church. They will generally be the first reached by the Gospel, and will draw many an old sinner to the Savior. "A little child" has led many a godless father to a better life and into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Always advise parents to have their children sit with them; for which many good reasons could be given, if necessary. But you will doubtless discover them before you have long been in the service. If I had my ministry to go over again I would devote much more of it to the young. It is the most hopeful and most profitable part of your work.

THE INQUIRER.

“Thus saith the Lord.”

I hope you will find in your ministry many persons inquiring the way of life. A word as to the best way of dealing with them may not be amiss here. Of course, Paul’s answer to the great question of the Philippian Jailer must always be your answer to every such question. But even that answer will often have to be explained, for no one is so blind and helpless as a convicted sinner. In all your dealings with men take the *word of God*. It is the Sword of the Spirit. The Devil will turn the edge of every other weapon. Jesus said “It is written.” So do you say. Practice with that sword as a French fencing-master with his rapier; so you can resist every attack of the Devil, and a carnal heart. Distrust your own wisdom. God’s word answers every doubt, and cavil, and excuse.

There is no imaginable difficulty in the way of any sinner, omniscient wisdom has not met in the Bible. Take it with you and study it. Search the Scriptures, and you will find the whole equipment of a soldier of the Cross, every implement of a Master workman. But do not forget that the *seat of sin* is in the *heart*, and not in the *head*. Therefore do not waste your time in *arguments* with men. Use Philip’s divine method and say to the objector, “Come and see.”

One sight of Jesus is worth ten thousand arguments. Show them their helpless condition and show them Jesus’

love, grace, power, and willingness to pardon, save and receive. Let the heart be the point of attack, and not the head. If the heart surrenders, the citadel is taken, and the city is won. Appointments for meetings with inquirers may be made with profit. They may follow the preaching service, or be held in the pastor's study at a fixed hour. But I would exercise a wise discretion in the selection of persons to instruct inquirers. All good people are not wise. Some will do more harm than good. I tried several before I found one who could show me the right way.

The Science of Salvation is not learned out of books, nor is it the monopoly of learned men. It is heart knowledge, and is often hidden from the wise and revealed to babes. Its very simplicity constitutes a main difficulty. Men are, naturally, like Naaman and want to do some great thing, and refuse the plain and simple way of salvation. There is a seeming disproportion between the great end, and the simple means. They can hardly believe that they have nothing to do but to do nothing, and let Jesus do it all. Believe and be saved is too easy and cheap a way to God and life and heaven. So the head reasons. Show them they can do nothing else or more. They must do that or perish. It is humbling to human pride and foolishness to human wisdom ; but we need to be humbled and enlightened. It is the only way to salvation.

Take Paul's example, and the jailer's, and Lydia's, Bartimeus', and your own ; say

“Drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do !”

Impress upon every inquirer the importance of now, and the danger of delay. There is no necessity and no excuse for postponing one's salvation. It is a sin. God is ready and willing and able to save now, as He ever will be. The terms can never be lowered or changed. It is always and everywhere, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." To refuse to do that or postpone it is to aggravate the sin and increase the danger. It is adding rebellion to all other sins. God commands all men everywhere now to repent. No reasonable man can doubt the necessity of it, and the infinite importance of it. To refuse to do it is an offense against reason and an insult to God.

Salvation is a gift; the gift of eternal life. The man who refuses that gift of God chooses eternal death. And to postpone it is to refuse it for that time, and surrender any claim upon God's mercy. He says "now is the accepted time;" "now is the day of salvation;" "choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

God is reconciled. Redemption is purchased. "All things are now ready." If the sinner is not saved now it is his own fault, his sin and shame. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Infinite love can say no more, and do no more.

THE MOURNERS' BENCH.

“Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted,”—
Matt. v, 4.

Probably I ought to speak a word about this method of conducting revival services, formerly much used in our own church, and at present common among our Methodist brethren. Though in vogue at the time of my own conversion, and having the sanction of such men as Drs. Robert J. Breckinridge, Stuart Robinson, Edward P. Humphrey and John C. Young, Sr., all of whom preached during the great revival when I became a Christian, I can not recommend it as the best method of leading souls to Christ. In the first place, I can find no authority for it in God's word, either by precept or example, and am wary of methods which lack such authority. But a more serious objection lies in the fact that something seems to be placed between the soul and Christ. I need not say that any such hindrance is dangerous and misleading. Only Christ can save; no ordinance or work or means.

The soul should be brought directly to Him. His own words are, “Come unto Me.” “Look unto me,” not to the church, or the sacraments, or the minister, or prayers, or tears, or repentance.

The Mourners' Bench seems to place an obstacle in the way of coming to Him. The sinner is invited there to seek salvation by prayer, and penitence, and confession. Instead of coming to Christ they come to the Mourners' Bench.

They seek an experience instead of seeking the Saviour. They are looking within instead of looking without ; looking at self, and not to the Saviour.

I know this was my own experience. After several days' fruitless and painful search I was delivered from my fears and doubts by being directed to go at once to Christ by a wise and godly man, my old preceptor in mathematics, beloved Dr. Ryors. I honor his memory. Probably one better instructed or more intelligent would have known better than I did and not have lodged at the Mourners' Bench. But I have known some older and wiser than I repeat my experience.

During a revival in a Southern town I was once induced by the importunity of brethren to invite persons forward to the Mourners' Bench one night. It was soon filled, and I soon found that a large majority were professional mourners. They had been coming forward for years, and were "no better but rather grew worse." Only two out of some dozen or more were willing to accept Christ. The others simply wanted the prayers of the church. They were not seeking the Saviour, but an experience, or comfort, in an act of outward obedience. I have never repeated that invitation.

The Scriptures everywhere invite men to Christ; to accept Him by a simple act of faith as a Saviour. Every other invitation is misleading and dangerous. The Church ought always to pray for sinners, and sinners ought to mourn over their sins; but there is no merit or salvation in these things, as many ignorant persons imagine.

POLEMICS.

“Neither shall they learn war any more.”—*Isa. i, 4.*

There have been periods in the history of the Church when controversy was necessary; when godly men had to “contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.” And there have been other periods when such controversy was not necessary, and still it went on, greatly to the distraction of the Church and detriment to the cause of Christ.

Remember all men can not see and believe alike. It may not be best for them to do so here and now. Therefore content yourself with differences you can not help, divisions you can not heal. In your preaching generally, and especially in seasons of revival, let alone those controverted points which divide Christian people, and preach the great doctrines of salvation in which all Evangelical churches agree. They are the essential ones, and will give you all the scope you want in your ministry.

In twenty years preaching, I do not remember ever once giving offense to our brethren in a series of revival services, and I hope I have always been true to my faith and my Huguenot fathers, who died for that faith. And sometimes, at the organization of new churches I have had to preach on Baptism, that direful source of so much bitterness, and I do not remember any of an opposing faith who took umbrage at the statement of the truth as we hold it.

We can be divided in faith, and be united in love. But except upon such unavoidable occasions, I do not preach

upon controverted points of doctrine, because it is not necessary, and because it is not wise. In such seasons it defeats the very end of your preaching—the salvation of men—by setting the people to quarrelling instead of praying. In many instances I have had the most cordial support of brethren of the Methodist, Baptist and other churches, because I preached the same great doctrines of grace held by them in common with my own church.

In order to love others it is not necessary that they should agree with us in everything. I suppose no two persons in the world ever agreed on every proposition. But brethren can agree to love each other and differ in their judgment upon many questions where human knowledge is imperfect.

CONCENTRATION.

“Give Thysely wholly to them.”—I *Tim.* iv, 15.

Paul who said, “this one thing I do,” understood the power of concentration, and his extraordinary career illustrated that power. This rule should apply to your sermon, and to every other effort for God’s glory. The man who is “Jack of all trades” is generally good at none. The sermon that covers the whole scope of revealed truth in an hour, is too diluted to feed the lambs, much less the sheep; too scattered to penetrate the skin, much less the heart. A sermon should be like a rifle, and not like a blunderbuss. Some sermons penetrate like a bullet, others simply pepper, like birdshot. The sinners conscience is iron clad. It needs a single steel pointed shot to penetrate it.

One single purpose, and one mastering thought ought to control every sermon. The sun glass burns by focalizing the rays. So learn to focalize your thoughts until they burn their way into the heart and conscience. Other kinds of preaching is dissipation, and not concentration. People enjoy it maybe, and forget it certainly, even the text. Not only should concentration characterize the sermon, but every effort of the service. During your meeting, let every other church enterprise be laid aside by preacher and people. Satan is very smart and will operate a diversion when he cannot secure a defeat.

I remember once how the effect of a stirring sermon to sinners was dissipated by an appeal for money to fix the

church. At another church during a revival, the good women forgot the souls of the perishing, to finish some quilts in the sewing society. Such good preachers and people forget that there is a time for all things, and that a revival is not a time for quilts, or covering the church; good works, though they be in their season. One great purpose ought, then, to subordinate every other, that is, the glory of God in the Salvation of souls. We are so constituted that it is very hard to do two things at once.

If the world is allowed to occupy your time during a revival, it will be at the serious loss of spiritual power and effort. This is a reason why it is hard to reach men with the Gospel, who are immersed in business, and attend church only occasionally. And this is largely the power of protracted effort. It concentrates the mind for a season on greater and eternal truths. The power of the Gospel is such that I believe few men can withstand it when faithfully, repeatedly, and earnestly preached to them from day to day. Many a sinner feels this and avoids the danger of being saved, by staying away.

Let the motto of the church as well as of the minister be "this one thing I do." It should always be our motto; but during a series of meetings it should be severely restricted to saving sinners, and nothing suffered to distract our attention or effort from this most important work for the glory of God.

PATIENCE.

“In your patience, possess ye your souls.”—*Luke* xxi, 19.

Young gentlemen, I want to say to you what Paul said to the Hebrews, that “ye will have need of patience.” You will very often meet with the “contradiction of sinners,” and saints too, and I do not know a more difficult attainment than to bear patiently such contradiction. You will notice that Peter (2nd Peter, 6) puts it high up among the christian graces. Indeed, it is so high, some of us scarcely attain it. But nevertheless it remains a solemn and sacred duty to try.

Paul gloried especially in the patience of the Thessalonians, (2nd Thess. 4,) and our Lord commends from His throne in Heaven the patience of the churches at Ephesus and Thyatira, (Rev. II, 2, 19.) Then it will be wise to cultivate it, and receive His divine approval. A thousand things will tax it and try it. The indifference of the church; the lukewarmness of professors; the covetousness of christians; the worldliness of the young; the inefficiency of officers; the stupidity of the sexton; the lateness of the congregation; the slowness of the singing, etc., etc.

Paul never appears greater (or more unreasonable) to me, than when he says that he “gloried in tribulations,” and that “tribulation worketh patience.” (Rom. v.-3.) I fear, you will find that it works the other way with common people. To sit in a cold church and wait for a late congregation and preach to a handful of people in the back of the house

and take up a collection for Foreign Missions and get a few pennies and nickels; and then go to a hotel, and pay your way back home, are tribulations which do not generally work patience. But they ought. Paul was right. Let us try to imitate his example.

I have nearly bit the blood out of my lips, to keep my peace, when dogs and babies conspired with a smoking stove and a tittering girl, and a slamming door to destroy the effect of the Gospel I was trying to preach. Then you will need patience, young gentlemen. May God help you; for if He don't you will fall. It won't do to get mad. You lose the victory when you lose your temper. Remember Job, and "let patience have her perfect work." It is crucifixion, but you must "crucify the flesh."

Persuade the boys to lock the dogs up; coax the mothers to leave the babies at home; ask the sexton to fix the stove-pipe, or build no fire, and take the tittering girl to God in prayer. Do any way rather than get mad, and make the mother mad, and the girl mad, and the Devil glad.

You will often be sorely tried by the sinners as well as the saints. They will refuse your most earnest appeals. They will sit unmoved under your most impassioned entreaties and arguments. They will choose death when you offer them life. They will trample on the precious blood of Christ on their way to the pit. It will amaze you, and exasperate you; but "possess your souls in patience." You can't help it. They treated your Lord and Saviour the same way. Don't expect everybody to be saved. They won't do it. Their heart is fully set in them, to do evil.

Your business is not to save men, but to preach the Gospel to them. Some will believe and be saved. Thank

God for that. You are not responsible for the results. God will take care of that. I have known some mighty men shorn of their strength like Sampson by losing their temper. Remember "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." (Prov. 16-32.)

PUNCTUALITY.

"Be instant, in season; out of season."—2 *Tim.* iv, 2.

Nothing that concerns the success of the Gospel and the salvation of men can be considered a matter of small importance. Therefore I beg you not to think punctuality in meeting your engagements beneath your notice. If the service is to begin at seven o'clock, don't get there five minutes after seven. Better be on time, or five minutes before it. If you are late, the people will follow your example and come late themselves. The minister should be an example to the flock in this, as well as in other things.

When Gen. Hamilton on several occasions excused himself for being late in his engagements with Gen. Washington, and laid the blame on his watch, his chief told him he "must get a new watch or he would get a new secretary." God wants a man to be as faithful to his engagements in a far more important matter.

Dilatoriness is a bad habit and engenders worse consequences. It forfeits the confidence of your congregation in

your fidelity to your engagements, and sets them a bad example which they will not be slow to follow. I make it a point of conscience to be present and begin the service at the appointed time. I do not wait for the people to come. There are always some faithful ones who will be present, and many others who will not be ; and their number will be greater if you indulge them by waiting. The more you wait the more they will wait. Some people are very regular in their bad habit of always being behind time.

The way to remedy the evil, as far as it can be remedied, is to be punctual in beginning your service, and remind them that the five foolish virgins failed to get in, at last, when they came too late.

I once walked some miles to hear a distinguished preacher in New York city, and walked back without hearing him, because I was too late, as the services had begun and the door was locked. I was disappointed, but commended his wisdom. It is generally better to stay at home than disturb a congregation by going in late. This may, in some measure, be avoided by reserving some seats near the door for the late comers. Some may be unavoidably detained by business engagements, as physicians, or by domestic duties as mothers of young children. Reserve some rear seats for them.

THE MOUNTAIN WORK.

“Go ye into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”—
Mark xvi, 15.

I need not say to you that holding big meetings in churches is not “evangelistic work proper. It is important work and ought to be done, but do not deceive yourselves with the belief that it is the only kind of work God intended an evangelist to do. And I am of the opinion that the evangelistic work is a most important part of all our ministry. “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;” until every creature has heard that Gospel, our orders are peremptory and our duty is plain. While many of you may be settled pastors (as I have been during most all of my ministry), yet I do not think you will be exempt from sometimes “doing the work of an evangelist.” To me it has been among the most pleasant and profitable parts of my ministry. But I hope God may honor some of you by calling you into the purely evangelistic work, either as a home or foreign missionary.

To such as undertake this work in our own destitute country I would offer a few suggestions. I call it the “Mountain Work,” because most of our unevangelized territory lies in the great mountain ranges of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. These “regions beyond” the blue grass and turnpikes and railroads and colleges are almost appalling in their extent and destitutions, and present the greatest field for

evangelistic effort open to the church this side of heathen lands. Scores of counties are without a single church or a preacher qualified to teach the way of life. There are thousands and tens of thousands of people who never saw a church or Sabbath school or a religious paper or an educated preacher. Thousands of them do not possess a Bible, and could not read it if they did. Of course, most of these people are unsaved. You must not suppose that they are barbarians or heathens. They are a brave, hardy, generous race of men. God never made a more hospitable people nor one more grateful for services done them, nor more appreciative of the Gospel.

After years of observation and experience among them I can say no people are more approachable, more anxious to learn the truth, and none more ready to receive it when properly instructed. They have their faults, and they are neither few nor small; but I am not in condition to cast any stones at these sinners. They are about as good as the majority of the people I know. When I remember how humble their homes, how few and scanty are their comforts, how small their opportunities, how limited their resources and how destitute their spiritual condition, I wonder they are not much worse than they are. And when I remember how eagerly they listen to the Gospel, how they walk miles to hear it, how they sit for hours on boards or the ground to learn it, how gladly they receive it, and how generously they try to support it out of their poverty, I have no words to express my admiration for them.

They are a "peculiar people," and to succeed among them requires more than zeal and learning of books. They are not educated, but they are not foolish. In some respects

they are wiser than their teachers. What time others have given to the study of books they have given to the study of human nature. And the knowledge of human nature is as important to a preacher as the knowledge of books—maybe more so. They possess in no ordinary degree the gift of common sense, the most uncommon kind, and the most valuable.

All book learning will not avail for the want of it. But a man with common sense in his head and the love of souls in his heart will succeed among the wildest of these rough children of the highlands.

In the "Field Notes" which comprise a second part of this volume, you will find some account of this kind of work.

Some three years of my ministry was spent in preaching to these people; and the result of this experience I may briefly sum up for your information. I went among them as one of them; eating their food, sleeping in their cabins, speaking their language, learning their wants and working for their salvation. They knew no better than that I had always lived that way. They were my Father's children, and my brethren; and I went with a message to them of love and compassion. I hope I never forgot the dignity of my office, nor the sanctity of my profession. Paul became "all things to all men," but he was still "Paul an apostle and servant of Jesus Christ."

Where there was no church I sometimes carried a great tent, (or "fly" as the soldiers would say) and made rough seats of planks or logs. Sometimes I preached in court houses, jails, and in school houses in the country; often in their little homes, as I had opportunity. The songs were their own, such tunes and words as they could sing. Once I remember

we had only "Home Sweet Home," and we wore out the dear old song, "Alas and did my Saviour bleed." Their songs were few, and their tunes fewer; but God did not mind that.

The preaching was the plainest—the elements of the Gospel, or 'rudiments,' as Paul says, and that is what saves Paul "determined to know nothing but Christ and Him crucified." If you know any more, don't tell it in the mountains. I preached as long as I pleased, and they listened till I was tired. "The old, old story" is new to them. If the lights were dim, (and it was often dark,) it made no difference. I had no notes to bother me. If the dogs came in, the boys ran them out. If the babies cried, the mothers carried them out. I've got hundreds out and never made them mad. Don't do that. Say to them when you begin, "not to fear to go out with the baby if it cries, and bring it back when quiet." You must learn this or give up your mountain work; for the babies and dogs will be there in force, and will require judicious handling or break up your meeting.

Preach the Gospel only, and plainly; leave art, polemics and pyrotechnics alone. You are to win souls, and not to war with them. I seldom ever allude to any controverted subject, because there is no controversy among evangelical churches about the great essentials of religion.

Don't undertake to teach morals or manners. That is not the Gospel. Let them have their own way of dressing, cooking, talking and eating. You try to save their souls, and let others look after the non-essentials. Besides, the Gospel is a great educator. Dr. Lindley said the Zulus never wore a shirt until converted.

Above all don't criticize their faults, nor laugh at their ignorance of books and things. I have known some good men who destroyed all their influence for good by such conduct. You will sometimes meet with opposition, from some over-zealous brethren of other denominations. They will look upon you as trespassers on their hereditary domain of ignorance and bigotry. Teach them a better way. Set them a nobler example. Paul's instructions to Timothy cover the case exactly. "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men ; apt to teach ; patient ; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves."

The people will not be slow to discover the truth, and honor God's servant who preaches the Gospel. These people are in the dark. Let in the light and the darkness with its owls and bats will flee away. I do not receive them into the Church or baptize them until they are instructed in the way of salvation.

God has made the way plain, but men are spiritually blind; and even when converted many see men as trees, walking. They need plain and patient instruction. So far as possible, I try to put a Bible or New Testament in every hand. And they read it with avidity. It is new and wonderful to them. Any religious reading is always eagerly sought and gratefully appreciated. Put only sound orthodox literature in their untutored hands. Publishers of religious literature are glad to supply such need to a liberal extent.

ORGANIZATION OF CHURCHES.

For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting, and ordain elders in every city, as I had appointed thee.—*Titus* i, 5.

In the exercise of your office as an evangelist it will become your duty often, I hope, to organize churches, and set up the ordinances of God's house among the destitute. Every community should have a church; for without such advantages it will be difficult to maintain the Gospel, and reach and educate the people. The Church is God's own organization to accomplish this great work. I need not say that no other society or association or guild can take its place.

In the organization of a church, the most important matter is the selection of its officers. It will often happen that they are strangers to you. In this case you must rely upon your own judgment, and learn from their neighbors, who are the men of character and standing in the community — men of good report, men who possess the requirements Paul lays down in his letters to Timothy; and above all, men who give evidence of their love and zeal for God's house.

Of course, you will sometimes be mistaken. But in the organization of thirty-five churches, with two hundred officers, I think I can count on the fingers of one hand all who have proven unworthy. I made it a rule never to organize a church without plainly and simply pointing out the main

doctrines of the church, and wherein they differ from sister churches. If a person does not agree with you, he had better go elsewhere, if convenient. It is easier to get such a person in the church, generally, than to get him out, if he is troublesome.

I do not ask every candidate for membership to subscribe to every doctrine of the church; because there may be honest differences among members; nor is such a requirement necessary to salvation. But every officer must accept the doctrines of the church, its order and form of government, as plainly laid down in the directions for ordination. Their duties should be plainly set forth and solemnly enjoined; and a book of Church order, and Confession of faith put in their hands, if practible.

Such infant churches will require special attention and faithful nursing by a wise and good pastor. See to it that they get such if possible; and preaching as often as possible. A prayer meeting conducted by the officers and members of the church should be organized at once, and never discontinued. The prayer-meeting is not only the pulse of the church, but the heart. Of course a Sabbath-school should be organized with the very best members for officers and teachers; and it should run all the year. God is to be served, and men are to be saved in winter as well as summer. Satan takes no vacation from work. His business of destruction runs the whole year round. Secular business and day schools run through the winter, why should the Sabbath school be suspended? If the people are too poor to provide Sabbath-school books, (which is seldom the case,) then the Board of Publication will cheerfully supply the want.

It is best for all concerned that the church and Sabbath-

school be taught to be self-supporting, so far as possible. Christian charity was not intended to foster pauperism. It is a wrong to the church at large, and a crime to the individual church. "Let everyone lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." There are no exceptions to this rule. But your work will not be done until you have taken steps to secure a house of worship for the new church. It must have a local habitation and a name, or it will not succeed as it should.

God dwelt in a tent in the wilderness; and will do it yet, whenever necessary. But few people can not provide a house of worship, if encouraged and instructed. It need not be fine (probably, ought not be), but it should be convenient and comfortable.

Whenever I organized a church, I forthwith took up a collection, or subscription to build a house of worship; and most of our churches throughout the mountains have comfortable houses, and some of them very nice ones. Whenever necessary to give them assistance in money, it was generally done by their brethren in the older churches, and wealthier communities; but the people were encouraged to do all they were able to do themselves.

The location of a church is a matter of more importance than is generally supposed. God's house should have the best place on the best street or road, most accessible to a majority of the people. More than once I have declined to assist in building a church on a back street, or undesirable lot. Once I failed to find a suitable location, except in a man's front yard; and the Middle Fork Church in Breathitt County, Kentucky, stands in the front yard of generous Jesse Spicer to-day. He not only gave it, but helped build the

church out of his slender means. The old soldier has gone to his reward, but the church still stands a monument to his memory.

THE VOICE.

“Let your moderation be known unto all men.”—*Philippians* iv. 5.

You can hardly overestimate the value of a good voice in your ministry. Therefore, it behooves you to cultivate it and preserve it. Next to a good heart, and a good head, a good voice is the most important equipment of a preacher. Though naturally, it may be weak and small, it is capable of large development and improvement by assiduous care and cultivation. And it is wonderful what powers of endurance such delicate and sensitive organs possess. First of all, don't be afraid to use it. It was made to use, but not abuse. I once believed in clergyman's sore throat, and thought I had it. When preaching at the First Church in Louisville, it was all I could do to preach twice on Sunday, and conduct the prayer-meeting Wednesday. Often my throat was so sore, and my voice so hoarse, I could hardly preach on Sunday evening. From a child I had had a tender throat, and colds generally settled there. I tried the various remedies used for such ailments in vain.

When called by the Synod of Kentucky into the evangelistic work, I hardly knew how I could do such work with such a throat. But I determined to try. After preaching a week, sometimes I was nearly speechless, and my throat raw.

At Augusta, I remember, it bled. But I rested awhile, and tried it again. Gradually the muscles of speech (like all others) became hardened and developed by constant use, until I could preach every day for a month, with very little discomfort. I have sometimes preached as often as three hundred times in a year. And so I found the remedy for clergyman's sore throat: Preach, and keep on preaching.

The man who rides horseback but one day in the week, will be pretty sore; but the man who rides every day will not feel it; the muscles become accustomed to the exercise. So with the vocal muscles. Use them regularly, and often, and judiciously, and you will not have sore throat. I had to learn to do this, or am learning. Often I spoke too loud and long. Don't do that. Vary the tones of your voice, and as far as possible, use the conversational style. It need not be low or dull, but sometimes animated, and always lively.

The exercise of preaching will often moisten your under-garments with perspiration. Never let them dry on your body. Put an overcoat on immediately after preaching, and repair to your room, which should always be convenient to the church (if possible), and put on warm and dry under-clothes after rubbing your body perfectly dry. I learned that valuable lesson from the eccentric and extraordinary evangelist George O. Barnes, who preached oftener in the same length of time than any man I ever knew, and with but little effect upon his voice. It has been of the greatest service to me. I advise you to practice it. It is not well to use the voice much, soon after preaching. At least not for me.

I generally retire soon after reaching my room, and change my clothing, if at night. I believe this has enabled me to undergo labor in continued preaching for months,

which I never could have endured otherwise. I do not think it advisable for the preacher to do the singing. It is right hard for me to keep from it; but it is better not to sing when you have the preaching to do. I believe the singing is more trying on the voice than preaching. Let others sing, if they will, and you use your voice in preaching, or sing gently, as an example to others. But when necessary, do not hesitate to do both.

The fewer poultices, gargles and troches you use, the better. Ten years ago I patronized them all. I have learned better now. I cheerfully give you the benefit of my experience. Accept every remedy the kind ladies give you, and put them in your pocket, but not in your mouth or throat.

THE USHERS.

“ Let all things be done decently and in order.”—*I. Cor. xiv. 40.*

Young gentlemen, if you will remember that the Church is God’s house, it will help you to a proper understanding of the proprieties which belong to it. If a friend, or even a stranger, comes to your house, you meet him at the door, and show him a comfortable seat. The children of this world, so wise in their generation, never fail to avail themselves of the advantages of such courtesies. See how assiduous their attentions at all places of worldly amusements.

Let us be as wise for God, and in God’s house. When people are invited to His house, let His servants see that they are cordially received, and comfortably seated. This im-

portant service is performed by those we call ushers. And they are very important men in our estimation. So important that the best men in the church are none too good for its duties. It is no easy matter to quietly, orderly, and comfortably seat a congregation, especially on occasions when the church is crowded, as I hope you will often see it. The usher should be a genial man. A cordial reception to God's house is worth more than a dull sermon. I shall never forget how useful in such service was my elder, John Gordon, of Louisville. Though he stood at his counter all week, he stood at the church door every Sunday, and cordially received every one who came. He worthily won the sobriquet of the "Handshaker." And the man who shakes my hand cordially is the man who shakes my heart.

The girl who captured the bad boys and brought them from the play-ground to the Sabbath school was the girl who "smiled them in and smiled them out."

Select such men for your ushers. Let them meet the people at the door and show them comfortable seats. Have enough of them to handle the congregation without delay or confusion. Always begin in front in seating the congregation, and reserve the rear tiers of pews until all the rest are filled. In my church we have a rule that no one is to sit down behind a vacant seat, but move up and occupy it. Do not let a person monopolize a whole pew by filling up the end of it and keeping others out. This is neither "decent or in order" as everything ought to be done in God's house. Of course, all these suggestions apply to churches where the seats are all free. I don't believe in any other kind. Neither does God, if I understand His Gospel.

Have no one enter the house during the reading of God's

word or prayer. These things are not mere formal parts of the service, as many suppose. No part of the service of the sanctuary is so important. Indeed, it is questionable whether it is not better to let no one enter after the worship is begun. I verily believe that more harm is done, generally, by the disturbance of the congregation and interruption of the discourse than any good the tardy worshippers receive. Such seems to be the opinion of Dr. John Hall, of New York city, as I learned to my sorrow, when I failed to get into his church, though not very much behind the hour, which I did not know.

Have all late comers seated in the rear of the church, so as to make no disturbance. When the preaching is begun let nothing interrupt the discourse, unless the house is on fire.

Children should sit with their parents, and those not old enough or good enough to behave ought to be left at home. So ought the dogs. You will appreciate this advice when you have served a campaign in the mountains, which I hope you may do.

THE SEXTON.

“He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.” —
Luke, xvi. 10.

I beg you, young gentlemen, not to be surprised or humiliated by having this humble minister introduced to your notice, and even your favorable consideration. By the time he has roasted you one day and frozen you another, and smothered you another with foul air, and suffocated you with black smoke, he will have grown in your consideration to no small importance.

The man who has the comfort and even the health of a whole congregation at his disposal is no ordinary officer for good or ill. Indeed, during a series of meetings he is only second in importance to those who conduct the public services. At this very moment I am utterly disabled from preaching by taking a cold in an overheated house during a most interesting meeting.

In the cold weather, during which most of your best work must be done, very many people will be kept away from the church by an inefficient sexton, who keeps the church either too hot or too cold; and not a few people have contracted serious sickness in such a church. There is no excuse for this. Those who have the care of the church should not invite people to sit an hour or two in an ice-house or a bake-oven. And least of all, to invite a preacher to try and edify people in such a place. Somebody said he “never knew a man with cold feet converted.” I know it is very

hard to warm a man's heart when his body is cold, or bring him to Christ when he is trying to get out of such a church.

See that your church is comfortable. The sexton should be a man of intelligence and discretion. Anybody will not do for a sexton, as you might be led to suppose from your observation. An African is especially unreliable when it comes to a matter of temperature. He is a tropical animal, and is not comfortable except in summer heat. Your church should be kept at about 65 degrees Fahrenheit, as the temperature most agreeable to a majority of people. Of course, some people will want the ventilators closed at 80 degrees, and some will want them open at 60 degrees. Neither you nor God can please everybody. Don't try it.

Unless your sexton is a man of intelligence enough to regulate the heating and ventilating of the house, appoint a wise deacon or elder to take the oversight of it. A thermometer placed midway from the stove or furnace to the pulpit will keep him advised of what is necessary. No considerable body of people should ever be confined in a house without ventilation. If there are no other means, lower the windows, open the doors, or punch the glass out. Want of fresh air suffocates the speaker and puts the people to sleep. Don't convert the church into a "Black Hole of Calcutta," and smother the life out of the sermon and the worshippers. Let there be light and air both ; they are the life givers.

And speaking of light reminds me of some dark places where I could hardly see how to preach—though I never use a manuscript. Have plenty of light. A dark church is a misnomer. It gives me the blues. It is suggestive of anything but God and heaven and happiness. Win the sinner from the "Outer Darkness" by inviting him into the light, and to Him who is "The Light of the World!"

THE WEATHER.

“Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.”
—*2 Tim. ii, 3.*

When you consider how largely the weather enters into our daily walk and conversation, I may be pardoned for saying a word about its influence in your work as a Christian and minister. And right in the beginning, I would say, go forward and preach the Gospel, and let God manage the weather. That is His business and not ours. We are often too much influenced by the moon and the almanac. Of course, when you have a choice between a dark and moonlight night, take the moonlight for your protracted services. But when the time comes for the work, don’t wait on the moon. Some men are so moonstruck that they can’t preach except by moonlight.

After some twenty years’ experience I have come to the conclusion that when the people are in earnest the weather has very little to do with the success of the Gospel. Bad weather does not hinder God from working, and some of the greatest revivals I ever knew were held in the worst weather. In a matter of life and death, men pay little attention to the comforts and conveniences of life. Everything is sacrificed for the supreme good. Now religion is a matter of life and death. When men realize this, no account is taken of ordinary inconveniences. I find no record of Paul’s ever postponing a meeting on account of the weather, or moon, or roads, or horse race, or circus. He told Timothy to be “instant

in season and out of season." Death never waits for good weather, nor sin, nor Satan. They work in all seasons. Let us be as industrious in serving, as they are in destroying. Let us try to be as wise in our generation, as "the children of this world." All this is consistent with a wise selection of the best time for special efforts, when we have the choice ; as between wet or dry weather, and between warm or cold, and light or dark nights, and good or bad roads. But do not forget that all weather is good for saving souls, and that the same God who rules the seasons, rules the hearts of men.

I remember going once to preach for a dear young brother, now in heaven (beloved Barbee Betts), and found him in tears because the night was dark, the roads bad, and only a handful of people at church. I relieved him by telling him that God would manage the weather and the roads, if we would attend to our business of preaching the Gospel. This we did, and God sent a great revival in His church, in spite of both roads and weather. Life is too short, and its duties too urgent, and its interests too great to subject them to the changes of the weather, or moon, or roads.

The Christian is a soldier ; and the Christian life is one of conflict ; and I do not know any way to glory which is not beset by difficulties and obstacles of some sort or other ; either bad roads, or bad weather, or bad men, or bad devils. Let us sing,

" Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

WHEN TO CLOSE A MEETING.

“Be not weary in well doing.”—*2 Thess. iii. 13.*

It is a matter of no small importance to know when to close special revival services. Of course there is no fixed rule which should determine the matter, for each case must be a law to itself. As a general thing, I think Presbyterians do not continue such services long enough; others probably err in the other extreme, and continue them too long. There are several things which should enter into a determination of the length of a meeting.

1. The work to be done, the people to be reached.
2. The interest in the meeting, the presence of God's Spirit in the church.
3. The attendance upon the services, if large or small.
4. The visible effect of the preaching, if encouraging or not.
5. The weather, the roads, etc., etc.

If these conditions are favorable, I would say the services should continue until the work was done, the harvest gathered.

If God's Spirit is manifestly present, the people interested, and the attendance increasing, and the preaching being blessed to the revival of the church, and the conversion of sinners, by all means continue the meeting until it is plain the effort should cease. There is danger of continuing too long; after people become weary, after the harvest is gathered, after the work is done for that time. When these conditions exist, it is better to stop, or the people will close the meeting without the consent of the preacher. Of course, the

strength of the preacher must be considered; for we are all human, with the limitations of the flesh.

If one man is able to do all the preaching, and does it successfully, then let him do it all. The power of a preacher is accumulative. His influence grows upon the people with successive efforts. Especially is this true if he follows a well arranged plan of presenting the Gospel, and no other is likely to achieve large success. To introduce another speaker, is to run the risk of breaking the current, and scattering the effect of the services. If one preacher has the "ear of the people," and the results prove the effectiveness of his preaching, he ought to continue so long as he is able, or the work is finished. But I would not be understood that a good work must stop, because the preacher can not continue to its close. God is tied to no man or method. He often uses the humblest instrumentalities. I have seen successful meetings conducted, when several changes were made in the preachers. If God is present, the work will prosper. If He is not present, all human help is vain.

I should caution you against discouragement in the beginning of such services. Learn not to "despise the day of small things." The greatest revivals have had the smallest beginnings. Your Bibles and the history of the church in all ages, will furnish you many examples for your instruction and encouragment. Churches and communities that need revivals, are generally the most lukewarm and worldly, and the hardest to get to use the means of grace for revival. The freezing man is most insensible to his danger. He don't feel it. Do not think to have a great revival in such a church without work and prayer, and faith and patience. Preach the word, and never doubt God's promise to honor and bless it.

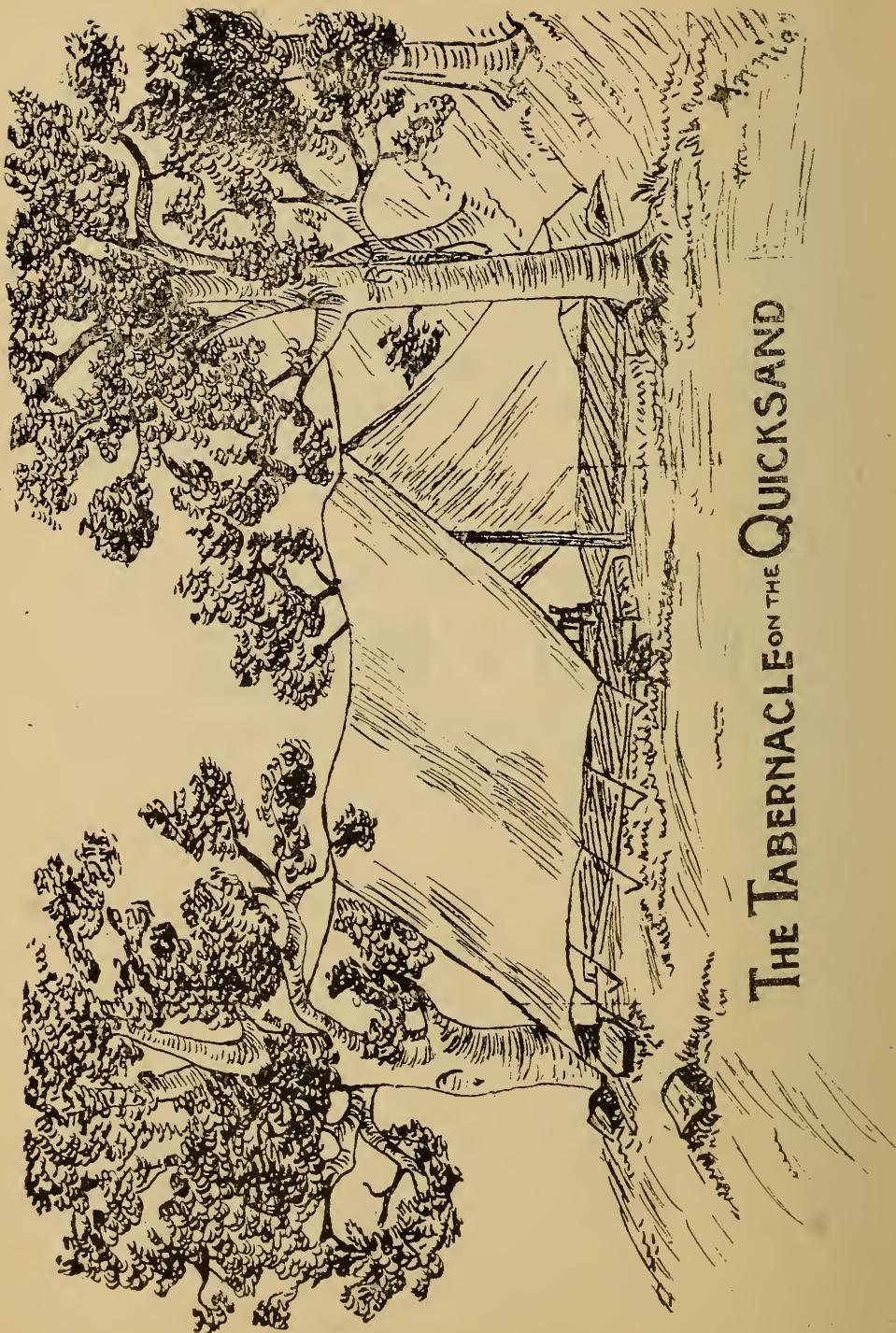
I have sometimes preached where the "heavens were as brass, and the earth as iron," and my heart sunk in me while waiting for a cloud even as "large as a man's hand." But it came and overspread the heavens, and rebuked my want of faith, and vindicated the truth of God's promise. "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." Remember the times and seasons belong to God. In His own time, which is the right time, the expected blessing will come.



FIELD • NOTES.



THE TABERNACLE ON THE QUICKSAND



EXPLANATION.

These notes, which I hope will largely explain themselves, are added to illustrate that phase of religious work so much needed, and heretofore, so much neglected. When a young soldier, in the army, I often traversed those mountains and served with many of their hardy and heroic sons. Afterwards, as a physician, I had occasion to visit that country, and was more deeply impressed with their need of a Greater Physician and a Diviner Remedy than I could offer.

In 1877, soon after I became a minister of the Gospel, I was appointed on the Committee on Home Missions, and before the Synod of Kentucky, at Covington, I took occasion in my report to refer to the sad destitution of a large part of our State, especially in the mountains, and the culpable neglect of the Church in not sending them the Gospel.

I remember what a storm it raised, and the young preacher might have been overwhelmed, but for the timely aid of Dr. Stuart Robinson, who came to his rescue and championed the cause. In 1879 the conscience of the Church was sufficiently aroused to make an effort to raise twenty-five cents per member for evangelistic work. Only about one thousand two hundred dollars were realized from this effort. But the leaven was at work, and in October, 1881 (soon after Dr. Robinson's death), the Synod, in session at Nicholasville, determined to undertake this great work in earnest. The immediate occasion and inspiration of the resolution was the generous offer from two lay members of Dr. Robinson's

old church (Col. Young and Mr. Veech), to give as much as five thousand dollars to this work, if the Synod would do the same. The offer was gladly accepted, and the history of the Church for fifteen years is a glorious monument to the goodness of God, and the fidelity of His people.

The Synod of Kentucky alone has expended hundreds of thousands of dollars in this work, doubled its membership, planted churches in scores of counties and communities where there was no church before, largely increased her ministry and influence, and set an example which has been zealously emulated by her sister churches, all over the country. So widespread and beneficent in its influence, has this work been, that one of the great leaders of a sister Church wrote: "They represent a religious and educational work among the hitherto neglected mountain people of that interesting State, which has been more richly blessed than any similar work, as yet undertaken by any Christian body in the United States." Under the faithful leadership of Dr. T. D. Witherspoon and Dr. E. W. Bedinger, Chairmen of the Synod's Evangelistic Committee, assisted by wise and zealous men, the work has exceeded the fondest anticipations of its most sanguine friends, and received the richest tokens of God's favor.

Consecrated men and women have traversed the highways and hedges, carrying the glad tidings of Salvation to thousands of hearts and homes that were sitting bound in the shadows of death. Isaiah's prophecy has been literally fulfilled. "The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

ORIGINAL DRAFT OF REPORT ON HOME MISSIONS.

READ BEFORE THE SYNOD OF KENTUCKY, AT COVINGTON,
KENTUCKY, OCTOBER 18, 1877, BY EDWARD O. GUERRANT.

FATHERS AND BRETHREN:—

While declining the honor of opening the discussion on this subject, I shall try to discharge my conscience and part of my duty, by offering some suggestions on the latter clause of this subject, that of Home Missions. I pass by the subject of Mission Sunday Schools, because of my limited experience, with the single remark that Kentucky offers a large field for this kind of work. A good Sabbath School may be organized in nearly every country school house, where people of all shades of religious belief would gladly support a Sunday school, using the International lesson papers. In a recent visit to Eastern Kentucky by the State agent of the American Sunday School Union, he organized four such schools in two weeks, and had more applications for schools than he had time to devote to the work in that section. But it is especially to the work of Missions I desire to devote the balance of this paper.

When we are told that after the lapse of nearly one hundred years, there are less than ten thousand Presbyterians belonging to our branch of the church in Kentucky (which is the largest branch;) and when we consider with this, the fact of the high character of its ministry from the very beginning, the educational interests under its control, the purity of the

doctrines and worship we claim for this church ; we need not stop to establish the fact that there is some flaw either in the organization of our church, or the practical application of our theory. When we consider further that the one hundred and thirty-three churches we claim in Kentucky, are congregated in less than one half the counties (forty) of the State, leaving the far greater part of the whole State still unoccupied by us ; a vast region of country extending from the Big Sandy river to the Mississippi, some five hundred miles, where a Presbyterian minister or member even would be as much a curiosity as a Mormon. Add to these facts the other one, that a very large part of the unconsecrated wealth of the State is found in the present membership of the Presbyterian church, almost unlimited means placed by the God of Missions at the disposal of this church, and then draw your conclusions. These are the facts ; if comparisons were not odious, we might say that the Baptist church with less wealth, less learning, and less historic prestige has beaten us ten to one, in the work on our own ground.

I said with this exhibit, there is a fault somewhere, either in our system or its application. None of us I suppose are ready to admit any flaw in our *Jure Divino* Presbyterianism. In its present form it has conquered all kinds of people and all kinds of error. No church has shown such vitality, or power, or adaptability. Then the fault must be in the application of the system to our wants. In short, the fault is in us, and not in our honored and venerable church. Let us briefly survey the conditions of successful mission work, and see how nearly these conditions are fulfilled around us.

1st. We must have a field. Is it here? Yes, almost unlimited. Its very proportions discourage us. Of the one

hundred counties of Kentucky, sixty are entirely unoccupied by our church. Of the one million people in Kentucky, only ten thousand are members of our Church, or one in one hundred. It need not be replied that though they are not taught by our ministry, or in our doctrines, still they are not destitute of religious teaching. While there are some few godly and well instructed men laboring among the unevangelized classes, it is a sad fact that most of their so-called teachers are "blind leaders of the blind," dispensing doctrines so diluted, that it is questionable whether enough of gospel truth is conveyed to save the soul.

A popular form of error, not uncommon in this better instructed portion of the State, has overspread all the mountains; and a pagan salvation by works and not by grace is the only dependence of a vast number of these people.

To give you an idea of the destitution of the country in the regions beyond us, I need only tell you that in one days ride from Mt. Sterling, the Capital of Eastern Kentucky, there are four county seats which have no house of worship, and some of these towns contain hundreds of souls. They have jails and gambling hells, and drinking shops, but no house for God's worship. And these people are anxious to have God's word preached to them. I have had dozens of invitations, and could have preached every day to these people. They are hospitable, as all Kentuckians are; more religiously inclined than most of them, because less exposed to the snares of covetousness, ambition, intemperance, and fashion. Having no advantage of an educated ministry, they are exceedingly teachable. They love to go to church, and turn out enmasse, whenever offered an opportunity to hear one of our ministers. West Lexington Presbytery preached

to not less than two thousand on the third Sabbath of September, in and around Owingsville; just on the border of the mountains. Surely nothing is wanting in the matter of a field for domestic Missions by our church.

But I have only noticed the destitution in that vast section lying south and east of us, where the voice of the Presbyterian minister is never heard. But is there no field for Mission work nearer home? Have we no heathen at our doors? Has the Presbyterian Church filled the measure of its duty even where it has a foothold? Look around you, in your own towns and counties. How many more churches in your city, town, or county than there were forty years ago? How many more members? Ten thousand members in a population of hundreds of thousands, and half of this number in the cities and larger towns. Compare statistics of our church in 1840 and 1877, this present year of Grace. And this in spite of the fact of great increase in population, wealth, general intelligence, morality and facilities for travel and commerce. The church has stood still, or gone at best only at a stage coach gait, while the world has moved away on railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs.

Forty years ago there was one Presbyterian church in a city with 200 members. Now there are two churches with about the same membership. And this story is not so singular as to excite comment. There is a sad family resemblance running through the whole list.

Now is there any need for this? I think not. The Gospel in all its pentecostal power is still here. The opportunities and facilities for publishing it are here in greater number and power than ever before. And the people are here, crowds of them. No man would believe it unless he took

his pencil and counted up the number; how few people attend church even in Christian Kentucky. I would say not over one-fourth, even under the most favorable circumstances. Now among these three-fourths lays the mission work. And most of them are accessible. No outlay in God's service pays larger dividends than such labor. If permissible I can cite one recent instance in point that admirably illustrates several of these facts. Within a radius of three miles from a deserted meeting house in the upper country there were seventy unconverted adults. A meeting of two weeks brought forty-three of this number into the church. This case is only remarkable in its results. Every county in our Synod offers such fields, which, if properly cultivated, would yield rich harvests of immortal souls.

2d. But time forbids any further remarks on the mission field. It is everywhere. It threatens to crowd and choke us out of our sinecure citadels which we have held so long and luxuriously. Its spirit is aggressive, and its numbers increasing in geometric ratio. We must go out to meet them in the same aggressive spirit. It is true no less in spiritual than in carnal warfare, that no body of soldiers can sustain the shock of a charge—at rest. We must advance or be routed. And we have the sinews of war to do it successfully—both men and money.

We have in Kentucky some seventy-five ministers. They are well endowed and educated, and better provided for than any of their brethren in the Southern church. Who can estimate the power of such a ministry if directed to this Home Mission work. Suppose there were seventy-five Pauls or men with Paul's zeal and consecration, or even Martyn's or

Brainerd's. What a change! But the same Spirit that inspired them is promised to all who ask.

But if it were said, we have not men enough to occupy our large territory—the reply is ready—we can get them. Though our own great, rich State is sadly derelict in her duty of devoting her sons to the Master's service, other States offer their sons for our work, as many of them on this floor can testify to-day. We can get more men than we can get money to support them.

3d. And the great wealth and extravagance of the country abundantly testify that there is no lack of money. We are a rich people. Take the membership of the Presbyterian Church of Kentucky, I doubt if any church of its size in the world represents as much material wealth. It is not uncommon to find churches representing a million dollars worth of money. So that in the conditions for successful mission work we have nothing to desire; a field more than equal to our ability; plenty of men available wanting work, and unbounded material resources for prosecuting the work.

Now comes the most important question—what is to be done? How can we accomplish this great work? We can not without guilt adjourn the solution of the question to our successors. This generation is on our hands, and will pass off the stage with us, and must be saved by us, or not at all. How are we to reach these people and preach to them the gospel in its purity and power?

I appreciate the fact that it is easier to tell what is the matter than tell how to cure it. Doubtless many wiser heads have labored over a solution of this question. But I can not help believing that the history of the case has suggested some remedies. In the first place, with reference to our immediate

surroundings, the mission work in our city and country, much can be done by multiplying our points of contact with the people; holding special services in their own homes, their school-houses and even their shops. The most successful pastors I know in this Synod have worked on this plan, evangelizing their whole county, blessing the country and building up the city churches—each mutually helping the other by a reciprocal action.

I need not cite instances, but the statistics of our churches will show the men who literally construe the great commission to preach the Gospel to every creature, whether he comes to your town church or not; who go after him in obedience to the command, and find him, and preach to him, whether in the field, or shop, or forum. None of us I dare say will claim that eulogy: "He hath done what he could." My conscience upbraids me for many lost opportunities and neglected duties in this matter. And how cold our zeal, how insignificant do our labors appear when compared with the life and work of such a man as Paul disputing daily, or of Whitefield, with his hemorrhages, preaching eighteen thousand sermons, and dying in the pulpit; of Moody with his four exercises daily for months and years!

But if we have not time and strength to cultivate our own proximate fields, then our seminaries furnish an admirable assistance in the young men during their summer vacations. Some thirty or forty students annually seek such labor, who, under your supervisor, can double your working capacity during the best months of the year—from April to September—and by a happy reciprocity of grace, the labor that blesses others, returns in blessings to the young laborer, who needs this very training. There are pastors of flourishing churches

present who can testify from experience of the advantages of this plan.

With reference to the great mission field, in the regions beyond us, where our church and its doctrines are as unknown as in China, but one available plan suggests itself to me; the employment by Synod or the Presbyteries of evangelists, men of zeal and qualifications suited to the work, who shall labor exclusively in that field, in organizing and building up churches. I know of no field this side of China, where time, labor and money can be more profitably expended in the Master's cause; and, indeed, the promise is much better for an earlier and larger harvest, because here everything is in our favor, in land and language, history, tradition, religion and sympathy, while in the foreign field everything is against us.

The men can be had. We only need the consecration of the abundant means in possession of the church, to support them in the work. I believe the people will give it, if properly instructed in their duty. Kentuckians, like other people, love to put their money where "it will do the most good." I defy the shrewdest financier to show me any stock that pays larger and surer dividends. God's measure is a hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come, life everlasting. Such gifts are twice blessed; they bless him who gives, and him who receives, for "he that watereth, shall himself also be watered."

With profound regard for the judgment of this venerable Synod, these thoughts are respectfully submitted for their consideration, with the hope and prayer that they may at least serve the purpose of the author in directing your attention to this important subject. I have not the time, nor is.

this the occasion, I think, for discussing our duties and relations to our colored population. Properly, that comes under the head of Foreign Missions, and will doubtless receive from the Synod the consideration its merits deserve, and the General Assembly's action indicates.

BEGINNING OF THE WORK.

The Synod of Kentucky, at Nicholasville, in October, 1881, determined to undertake this great work, with the hearty co-operation of all its Presbyteries.

After the selection of a general committee on Evangelistic Work, the Synod elected Rev. W. Dennis Morton, Pastor of the Morganfield Church, and Rev. Edward O. Guerrant, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Louisville, to be Evangelists of the Synod. The following reports give some account of my part of that work for three years and nine months.

EVANGELISTIC REPORT.

{ To the Synod of Kentucky, in session at Shelbyville, Ky.,
October 19, 1882.

FATHERS AND BRETHREN:

I herewith submit a report of my labors as your evangelist in that part of the State lying east of Louisville.

I entered upon my work on Saturday, before the second Sabbath in January, at Richmond. Here I remained eleven days, holding two services a day, a prayer-meeting in the afternoon, and preaching at night. The very inclement weather, the illness of Dr. Glass, the pastor of the church, and the examinations at the University, offered serious obstacles to the success of the meeting. But God blessed his truth to the hopeful conversion of seventeen souls, sixteen of whom united with the Presbyterian Church.

On the twenty-third of January, I went to the assistance of Dr. Bartlett, at Lexington, where I remained until the 5th of February. During this time, some one hundred and twelve confessed Christ, most of whom united with Dr. Bartlett's church. Here, as everywhere else I preached, the candidates were allowed the choice of their church connection. Many united with the northern branch of the church, whose pastor (Mr. Wilson) and people co-operated heartily in the meeting. This was an extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit, for which the whole church and its faithful pastor had been laboring and praying. Rev. Messrs. H. C. DuBose and

James J. Lucas, foreign missionaries, rendered valuable service also during the meeting.

On the 14th of February, I went to help Mr. Chisolm, at Harrodsburg, and remained until the 26th. During this time, one hundred and nine came forward to accept Christ, most of whom joined Mr. Chisolm's church. Here, as at Lexington, there was both earnest prayer and work by pastor and people. The revival extended to other churches, and the whole community felt the presence and power of God's spirit, and great good was the result.

On the 10th of March, I visited the "Bayless Memorial Church," at Grayson, vacant for some time, and much discouraged. I preached two days, and eleven persons were received into the church, and Rev. E. F. Hoke was called to be stated supply of the church.

On the 16th of March, I went to Maysville to help Mr. Kennedy, and remained until the 30th. In spite of many obstacles and much discouragement, a few faithful women, and fewer men, held up the ministers hands, and implored God's help. God heard their cry, poured out his spirit, and forty-five persons were added to the church. During this meeting, Mr. Evans, the evangelist, rendered most faithful service, and did most of the preaching.

On the 12th of April, I visited Dr. Bracken's church at Lebanon. It was "good to be there." The pastor and people, men and women, were working and praying, and looking for God's blessing. It came with power, and in twelve days there were fifty-four who accepted Christ in Dr. Bracken's church, and a number in other churches in town. This church added one hundred and thirty-one dollars to its former contribution to the evangelistic work in Kentucky, the most

liberal gift received from any church I visited, if we except the church at Lexington, which raised \$300 after the meeting there, but devoted it to the general work of Sustentation. This meeting at Lebanon closed my labors among the organized churches, and I now began my special work as evangelist in the disorganized churches and destitute fields.

On the 7th of May, I visited the old abandoned church at Salvisa, and found one faithful old elder and a few women. There had not been a regular preacher or meeting of the session for years. But there were enough of God's people left to pray for his blessing. He heard and answered as he always does, and in ten days fifty-seven were added to the church; four excellent young men elected, ordained and installed officers in the church, and a faithful young student from Union Seminary, Va., (J. S. Lyons) engaged to supply the church alternately with Lawrenceburg. This congregation have a substantial and commodious brick church in the midst of an intelligent community, and a fine country. They maintain a good Sabbath-school and a young men's prayer-meeting. In this meeting I had the valuable assistance of Mr. Jos. H. Hopper, the sweet singer and earnest worker, who has been with me, since then, in most of my work through the mountains and destitute fields.

On the 27th of May, we went over a rough mountain road to Hazel Green, on Red River, in Wolfe County, forty-one miles from Mt. Sterling. Here we found one Presbyterian family devoted to the Master's work. There had never been a church of our order in the county, and few of the people had ever seen or heard a Presbyterian preacher. Here we held a meeting in a school house for ten days, and fifty-eight persons accepted Christ, forty-six of whom were organ-

ized into a Presbyterian Church, with the Col. Robt. J. Samuel and H. Clay Herndon, for elders, and John H. Adams and John C. M. Day, for deacons. A liberal gentleman, (J. G. Trimble, Esq.), gave a beautiful lot for a church, and \$500 were subscribed to build a house of worship. They have been delayed in building, but hope to go forward in the spring. This church has been regularly supplied with preaching during the summer by self-denying brethren from a distance.

On the 25th of June, we visited Manchester, in Clay County, traveling a desperate road over Wild Cat Mountain in the night. Here we found a few Presbyterians, and with God's blessing, could have organized a church, if the way had been clear. But our brethren of the Northern branch had previously visited the field, and expected to return. Therefore, we did not feel at liberty to proceed to the organization of a church. We remained but three days, during which five persons confessed Christ, and were recommended to the brethren of other churches.

On the 9th of July, we visited Estill County, and held a meeting at Irvine, the county seat, and at Sand Hill, an old log church four miles in the country. Some forty years ago, there had been a small Presbyterian organization at Sand Hill, but only three members were found in the country, all past seventy years of age. By the blessing of God, we organized a church at Irvine, of thirty-seven members, with John H. Moore and James A. N. Lane, as elders, and Grant Lilly, as deacon. Nine others who accepted Christ were recommended to the Methodist and other churches of their choice. This church at Irvine is among a most excellent and cultivated people, in a pretty village, situated among the

foothills of the mountains. Dr. Glass, of Richmond, kindly took this church under his care for the present, and it has been regularly supplied with preaching up to this time.

On the 6th of August, I began a meeting at Comb's Ferry, on the Kentucky River, in Clark County. There being no other house we could use, services were held in a vacant grocery and bar room, where rude plank seats were extemporized by the generous proprietor, Mr. McCuddy. There was not a Presbyterian in the neighborhood, and few of the people regularly attended service anywhere, and not many belonged to any church. But God had a few faithful children, principally women, who knew how to pray, and did pray. God heard and answered, and poured out a great baptism of his Spirit on the whole community. In one week eighty-four persons (many whole families) professed Christ, eighty of whom were organized into a Presbyterian church, with John F. Bean and Hubbard L. Stevens, for elders, and F. T. Martin and Jos. Orear, for deacons. This church immediately set about building a house of worship, raised \$1,000, and are now at work on the new church edifice. It was received and enrolled as Maple Grove (now Mt. Tabor) Church, under care of West Lexington Presbytery at its late regular meeting, and was represented by its elder, John F. Bean. Rev. E. E. Bigger, pastor of Salem Church, rendered valuable service during the meeting, and has had pastoral care of this church since its organization, preaching there twice a month. A good Sabbath-school is maintained under charge of John F. Bean, the faithful elder who began the work which God owned and blessed so signally.

On the 2d of July, in company with Rev. Paul F. Brown, of Virginia, I visited the church at Grayson, and moderated

a congregational meeting, when he was called unanimously to take charge of the church as stated supply, which he did at once. On the 20th of August I began a meeting there preparatory to the dedication of the church on the 27th of August. There were twenty-five added to the church, which was dedicated free of debt, and greatly refreshed and encouraged after a long and anxious struggle for life. During this meeting Rev. F. B. Converse, of Louisville, rendered most efficient service, as well as Messrs. Brown and Hopper. And I should be remiss in my duty if I failed to mention the zealous, faithful and self-denying labors of the women of this little church. Their crowns are "laid up in heaven."

On the 3d of September, in company with Rev. A. C. Munroe, of Mississippi, I visited the new church at Irvine and Sand Hill, in Estill county, and remained three days assisting Mr. Munroe. Seven were added to the church, and three new officers elected, ordained and installed: Dr. G. A. Embry, as elder, and H. Wm. Gardner and Jefferson Flynn as deacons.

By invitation of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Long, on the 7th of September, I visited New Hope, in Nelson county, a little village on the Lebanon branch of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Five-sixths of the population of the country are Catholics, and the few Protestants were divided among the various denominations—two Presbyterians only residing in the village.

Here I preached five days and organized a Presbyterian church of twenty-five members of most excellent people, with Finis E. Long, Daniel K. Ashcraft and Dr. Benj. C. Sympson for elders, and Wm. V. Hobbs for deacon. The services were held in Mr. Long's hotel, for want of a better place;

but this zealous little band raised several hundred dollars, and are already at work on a neat house of worship, and hope to occupy it before winter. Dr. Bracken, of Lebanon, kindly took charge of this flock until they secured a regular pastor, which they expect to do by winter with the New Haven church, only six miles distant, in support of one minister.

On the 22d of September we visited the old Union church in Clark county. For seven years it had no pastor, but one elder and a few members. The Lord heard the cry of his people and poured out His spirit, and twelve valuable members were added to the church, supplying the very material needed for officers. P. L. Skinner was elected, ordained and installed a ruling elder; Charles Swift and Eli B. Dooley to be deacons. The congregation called Rev. Dr. Daniel B. Ewing, of Winchester, to supply the church two Sabbaths in the month, which he consented to do.

On the 1st of October I began a meeting at Olive Hill, a little village in Carter county, on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, fifteen miles from Grayson. Two faithful Presbyterian women there had prayed and hoped for a church. There was no church building, but some feeble organization of other churches. Here I remained nine days, preaching in a little school house. God heard the prayers of His children, and blessed the preaching of His word. Fifty-three were added to the Presbyterian church, which was organized by the election, ordination and installation of C. C. Brooks and Alex. McKnight as elders, and M. F. Duncan and James A. Painter as deacons. Rev. Paul F. Brown, pastor of Grayson church will take charge of this church also. A liberal gentleman gave the church a nice and convenient lot in the

new town on the railroad for a church building, and they have gone to work to raise money to build at once. Though deprived of many advantages of more favored sections and possessed of but little of this world's goods, these, like most of our mountain people, are a virtuous and intelligent and orderly people. They deserve and should receive our liberal support. Two young gentlemen members of the church have offered themselves as candidates for the gospel ministry, and after satisfactory examination have been taken under care of Ebenezer Presbytery. Another young gentleman, a member of Hazel Green church, is also prosecuting his studies with the same purpose in view.

I have now given, in as few words as possible, the principal facts of my labors as your evangelist since the beginning of the year. There are many other things, both interesting and instructive, which might be mentioned, but for want of time. It has been to me a "labor of love" and rich experience of God's grace. Though the labor has sometimes been severe, and the privations sometimes great, the Lord has "renewed my strength," and for the first time in years, enabled me to preach through the whole summer.

I have preached some two hundred and sixty-three times and received seven hundred and thirty-one persons into the church, most of whom I baptized; organized five new churches, and reorganized two old ones (one in Louisville Presbytery, two in Transylvania, three in West Lexington, and one in Ebenezer). Two of these are now engaged in building houses of worship, and two others are making preparations to build. Five young men are preparing for the gospel ministry in our new churches, and many others have their hearts turned toward it.

Three hundred and fifty dollars have been contributed to the Synod's evangelistic work (beside their regular contributions) by the various churches and persons I have visited. Three hundred dollars alone was given to the sustentation cause by one church; and I have collected \$280 to assist in the building of new houses of worship in the mountains.

My experience has clearly established the following facts, which some have been led to doubt: 1st. That it is not necessary for men to go outside of the church to preach the Gospel with success. 2d. That the Gospel as held and taught by the Presbyterian church is adapted to the masses. 3d. That God has opened a wide and effectual door to our church among the poor, neglected people of our mountains. 4th. That the Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation, and needs only to be plainly and prayerfully preached to accomplish His blessed will, in the conversion of men.

It may be proper for me to state, that I have been guided in the selection of my fields of labor by the comparative needs of the various places. No man, in the limitations of the flesh, could accomplish a tithe of the work to be done in such a field in one year. There were originally over eighty counties assigned to me, and after the appointment of Rev. J. M. Evans there were still left some sixty, embracing nearly all the mountainous part of the State. I have done all my time and strength would allow me to do. I make this explanation that my brethren may understand why I have been compelled to decline so many pressing invitations to visit their churches.

In my labor as your evangelist I have not aimed merely to add members to the church. By remaining at many places the number could have been doubled. But I have endeavored

to reach and build up as many churches as possible, to supply the vacant pulpits, to set in order the things that were wanting, to strengthen those that remained, to organize new churches and to reorganize old ones, and so to multiply the points and agencies of Christian work and influence. In much of this work I have received the cheerful co-operation of brethren of all churches, and the faithful and efficient help of Mr. Jos. H. Hopper, who has been with me in the mountains, where we had no person to lead the singing. His services have been invaluable. May God reward him liberally, and all who helped in the Master's work.

Though the work has been surrounded by many difficulties, with the indifference of the worldly, the neutrality or opposition of some ignorant church people and the active hostility of the Great Adversary, I have endeavored to keep a "conscience void of offense toward all men," and honor the church that sent me, and the Lord that bought me. To you, as representative of that church, I tender this profound acknowledgment for the honor and the privilege, and to Him I will ascribe all the power and the glory forever. Amen.

Your humble and obedient servant, for Jesus' sake.

EDWARD O. GUERRANT.

REPORT TO SYNOD ON EVANGELISTIC WORK—
HARRODSBURG, OCTOBER, 1883—CENTENNIAL YEAR.

To the Venerable Synod of Kentucky:
FATHERS AND BRETHREN:—

I have the honor to submit the following report of my labors as your evangelist since the last meeting of the Synod.

On the 22d of October, 1882, I visited the old church at Walnut Hill, in Fayette county, to assist Rev. E. E. Bigger. I remained there over the following Sabbath. The congregations were large and attentive, and twenty-two were added to the church, about doubling its membership. For though this church is about one hundred years old, it has never been a large church, or had much material upon which to build.

The country is not thickly settled, and other churches divide the membership. But it makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity; and though few in number, it has probably the neatest country church in the Synod, and a faithful pastor settled in its manse.

On the 11th of November I went to visit our new church at Hazel Green in Wolfe county, and if possible make arrangements for a preacher for that destitute field. I found the little church faithfully carrying on its prayer-meetings and Sabbath schools, of which it had two—one for the whites and another for the blacks. Two new members were added to the church, and two hundred dollars were subscribed toward the salary of an evangelist.

On the 18th of November I began a meeting at Point Burnside, on the Cumberland River. Here I preached five days in the school house. God blessed His word, and I or-

ganized a church of thirty-four members, with six good officers—Capt. Wm. C. Crozer, Dr. L. B. Cook, Wm. T. Brown, and John C. Bowman for elders and Albert J. Taylor and Samuel Smith for deacons. This is the first organization here at an important point on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, at the junction of the Cumberland Rivers.

On the 25th I visited King's Mountain, a village of some fifty families, at the terminus of the big tunnel on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, in Pulaski county. Here I remained four days, preaching in a small and dilapidated school house. Twenty-seven persons joined the church and were duly organized, with Alpheus C. Sine, Andrew M. Pears and M. D. Robinson as elders; all most excellent men, with Presbyterian training. This is the first church organization at this point, and steps were immediately taken to build a house of worship.

On the 29th of November I visited McKinney, in Lincoln county, again using the school house for our services. Here I remained six days. God overruled all obstacles to His glory, and enabled us to organize a church of twenty-three members, with James Bibb, Sr., and Richard Bibb, two devoted Presbyterians, for elders. Steps were immediately taken to build a neat house of worship, which is now in process of erection.

In these meetings I had the valuable services of brother J. H. Hopper, a son of Asaph, whose songs and prayers were greatly blessed of God. These three churches were organized in the evangelistic field of brother John E. Triplett, of McKinney, who accompanied me and assisted in the work, with a zeal and energy which is characteristic of him.

On December 10th I visited the old Gilead church, on

the Licking River, in Bath county, which had been vacant since the removal of the beloved and lamented brother Barbee Betts. It has been greatly discouraged and demoralized. Though the weather was exceedingly inclement, a good congregation assembled, and after the sermon subscribed upwards of two hundred dollars to secure preaching.

On the 16th of December I visited our vacant church at Owingsville, the county seat of Bath county, and secured upwards of two hundred dollars in subscriptions for a preacher there. This is a feeble flock, but most excellent people and zealous workers. Being long without a preacher or a church building they have carried on a good Sabbath school in the Court House, and maintained their organization. I am happy to say, that aided by your liberality, they are now supplied with a good preacher, and hope to have a commodious house of worship soon, having several hundred dollars subscribed for the purpose. It is the center of a fine country and among intelligent people.

On the 30th of December I visited the little church at New Hope, in Nelson county, organized in August, and on Sabbath, December 31st, dedicated the new and beautiful house of worship built since that time. God honored their devotion by adding nine new members to the faithful little band. Upwards of two hundred dollars were subscribed towards paying off the debt on the church. No congregation in my knowledge have worked more faithfully or carried a heavier cross than this heroic little band at New Hope. Thanks to many generous friends abroad and to the Synod's committee they enjoy regular preaching of the Gospel, and have paid a large part of their debt.

On January 6th I went to Versailles to assist Rev. Dr.

Rout in a meeting. Here I remained until the 18th. The weather was very inclement and the roads covered with ice. Notwithstanding this, the congregations were fine, and the interest increased to the end. Eighteen were added to the church as the immediate result of the services. During this meeting we had the valuable assistance of Rev. Dr. Rutherford, as well as the faithful and efficient pastor of the church. The most fastidious could find no fault with this model church, unless it be in the song service. While not deficient in its quality, it lacks in quantity. "Let *all* the people praise Thee, O God."

On January 20th I went to Pulaski Station, in Pulaski county, and on Sabbath 21st dedicated their new church, and celebrated their first communion, and raised forty-five dollars to pay off a small debt on the building. The weather was very severe, and the facilities for comfort not such as to justify a protracted service. After preaching three times on Sunday I returned home on Monday, and was not able to leave there until the 30th, when I started to Paducah to assist Rev. Dr. Hendrick. Here I remained two weeks. The weather could hardly have been worse; pouring rains drenched the land and froze as it fell, enveloping the city in ice. Notwithstanding this, the congregations were good, often very large, and God honored the long service of His faithful servant, who has been sowing seed by these great waters for twenty-five years. Some forty were added to Dr. Hendrick's church, besides a number who were dismissed to unite with other churches. It was a fitting close of a long and faithful ministry among people devoted to their pastor and their Lord.

On February 18th I visited the Gilead and Owingsville

churches in Bath county, in company with Rev. J. L. Barnes, and moderated both congregations, when they called him to preach for them regularly on alternate Sabbaths, promising him four hundred and fifty dollars towards his support.

On February 20th I preached at Springfield, Bath county, and on the 25th at Salem, in Clark county, and on the 29th, by advice of physicians, I started South to recuperate my health.

On the 13th of March I returned to Kentucky, and on the 18th went to Carlisle to assist Rev. Dr. Scudder, and remained until the 28th. The weather was wintry, but the people turned out and filled the beautiful new church, and God blessed His word, and twenty-eight souls were added to His church, most of them young people. The church was greatly revived, and the whole community seemed to be impressed with the Gospel, more than for years, it was said. It was no wonder God blessed this people; they prayed and worked for His blessing. Such are always heard and answered, for "Every one that asketh receiveth!"

On April 1st I preached at Mt. Sterling, and on the 3d went to Clintonville, in Bourbon county, to assist Rev. S. D. Boggs. Here I remained nine days. The congregations were small at first, but gradually increased until the house was crowded. A few faithful members, principally women (as usual), have carried this little church on their hearts for years, amidst many discouragements. God heard their cry and poured out His Spirit, and there were twenty-five added to the Presbyterian Church, and three united with a sister church.

On April 19th I went to Washington, Mason county, to assist Brother E. E. Ervin, and remained until the 29th.

The congregations were large from the beginning, and the people in earnest. In spite of divisions growing out of the sad past the faithful little church worked and prayed for a blessing, and received it. Sixteen new members were added to its roll and seven infants baptized. I do not know a church of its size which surpasses this in working and praying, and paying. Though small, it supports a pastor all of his time, and enjoys the preaching of God's word every Sabbath. During this meeting we had the valuable assistance of Rev. S. H. Chester, of Maysville.

On the 6th of May I preached at Owingsville and Springfield churches, in Bath county, and on the 9th went to Carrollton to assist Rev. Benj. Helm. Here, as at so many other places, I found a faithful pastor with a few godly women and fewer men struggling bravely to carry on their little church under many difficulties and discouragements. I could remain but seven days, on account of my voice, severely tried by continually speaking. There were thirteen new members added to the church, and one dismissed to unite with a sister church. One promising young member of this church expressed a desire to study for the ministry, and is engaged in preparation for that work.

Sickness in my family detained me at home until the 26th inst., when I went to visit the church at Munfordsville, in Hart county. This little church of some twenty members and one elder had been vacant for a number of years, and being so small and poor had about dispaired of ever securing any preaching, on account of its isolated position, though the capital of a large and populous county. I preached there on the Sabbath, and two young ladies made profession of faith; one joined our church and one the Reform church.

Brother Wm. G. McDonald, a student of Union Theological Seminary, accompanied me, and accepted the invitation to preach for them during the summer, for which they promised to board him and pay him fifty dollars. This service was faithfully rendered.

On the 3d of June I went to Kirksville, in Madison county, and preached three days for Rev. Wm. Crow. The weather was rainy and the nights dark, but the working little church overcame the difficulties, turned out and filled the house. Four new members were added to the church on profession of faith.

On the 8th of June I went to visit our new church at Irvine, in Estill county. Rev. W. W. Brimm, who had supplied the church since last fall, had resigned and was about to leave. I preached in Irvine and at Sand Hill, in the country, until Tuesday 12th, and received six new members into the church on profession.

The church organized at Comb's Ferry in August, 1882, having built a beautiful house of worship on a commanding eminence overlooking the Kentucky River, had it formally dedicated on the 17th of June. With the consent of the church, I invited the venerable Bishop Kavanaugh, of the M. E. Church, South, to preach the sermon. He was born and raised in this neighborhood, where a brother and sister and many of his relatives still live. A number of them are members of this church, and two of his nephews among its officers.

The Bishop preached the morning sermon to a great congregation of people, after which the multitude was fed at a bounteous table spread in the grove by the hospitable members and their friends. It was a day of great rejoicing.

The meeting continued until Friday ; during which time I had the efficient help of the three Kavanaugh brothers, Rev. Dr. Ewing and Rev. E. E. Bigger. Twenty-three new members were added to the church, which has now over one hundred members. Two excellent men were elected and ordained officers in the church—Joseph Jones to be elder and Hubbard Taylor to be a deacon—making six efficient officers. The congregation voted to call their church "Mount Tabor," and it is so enrolled in West Lexington Presbytery. The church unanimously called Rev. Dr. Ewing to supply their pulpit, and raised seven hundred and twenty dollars in money and by subscription to pay his salary and other expenses of the church. Dr. Ewing entered immediately upon his work, and has preached for them regularly since that time, as well as to the Union church.

On the 30th of June I went to Winchester to assist Rev. Dr. Van Lear, and remained until the 6th of July. The weather was the hottest of the year, but the congregations were unusually good considering the oppressive heat. Part of the time I was not able to speak, but Dr. Ewing and Dr. Van Lear ably preached the word. There were nine added to the church on profession—all valuable members. The church placed eighty-eight dollars in my hands to be used at my discretion in my work in the mountains. Fifty dollars of this amount was sent to the little church at Olive Hill to help them build a house of worship. The balance I hold subject to similar calls, with five dollars given by a lady member of the same church.

On the 14th of July I again visited the little church at Munfordsville, and remained five days. Rev. R. Brent, of the Northern Church, was present and assisted me in the

services, together with Brother Wm. G. McDonald. Heretofore this church has held its connection with the Church North, and it has been without a preacher for five years.

At a congregational meeting moderated by Brother Brent the church voted unanimously to change its ecclesiastical connection and unite with the Southern Church, as their only hope of obtaining a preacher, or perpetrating their organization.

The congregation then elected Robert Armstrong (their former elder), Dr. Wm. B. Brown and Charles A. Epes to be elders, who were duly ordained and installed. Rev. Charles Robinson, of Glasgow, and Dr. Adair, of a sister church, were present and assisted.

On Wednesday and Thursday God poured out His Spirit on the town, and mightily revived His church. On Thursday night the meeting closed with a pentecostal season; fifteen persons, old and young, some in tender years and others hardened in sin, crowded the front pews seeking the salvation of their souls. It was a season long to be remembered. The membership of the little church was about doubled, and its zeal, and faith, and hope multiplied many fold.

Brother McDonald served them faithfully during the summer, and since his return to the seminary they have united with the church at Cave City in calling Rev. J. W. Davis, of South Carolina.

On the 20th of July, accompanied by Rev. R. Brent, I started to Irvine and Sand Hill, in Estill county, where we preached on Sabbath and Monday, and received four new members into the church.

Brother Brent having preached acceptably to the church,

and being pleased to remain, accepted a call to labor among them, and entered at once upon his work, which he has prosecuted with energy to this time.

On Saturday, 28th of July, I went to King's Mountain, and preached that night, and the next morning dedicated the new church in the presence of a large congregation. This little church of twenty-seven members, organized last November, and their energetic pastor, Rev. J. E. Triplett, deserve great credit for their enterprise and zeal. Though not a year old, few in number, and poor in this world's goods, they have built and dedicated, free of debt, a beautiful new house, the only church in the village. During the three days' service the Lord added twelve valuable members to the church; seven infants were baptized and seventy dollars raised to pay off some little debts of the congregation.

Two young gentlemen, members of this church, offered themselves as candidates for the Gospel ministry and were received under the care of Transylvania Presbytery at its last meeting.

On Wednesday, August 1st, we went to Pulaski Station and remained three days. During the time we had good congregations for week days in the country, and received God's blessing on His word. Eleven members were received into the little church on profession of faith, all young men and women.

On Saturday evening we went to Point Burnside and spent the Sabbath and Monday with our new church there. Was happy to find them prospering, having regular preaching by Brother Triplett, and a good Sunday school, and they have a comfortable house of worship. All these churches are among the Cumberland mountains. In all these services in

Brother Triplett's field I had his efficient help, and also of Mr. J. C. Clark, of Jeffersonville, who assisted in the singing and pastoral work with earnestness and zeal.

On Saturday, August 11th, accompanied by Rev. Eugene P. Mickel, of Athens Presbytery, Georgia, I went to visit the new church at Hazel Green, in Wolfe county. We preached there on Saturday night and Sabbath morning, and received three new members into the church. At a congregational meeting the church extended a unanimous call to Brother Mickel to supply their pulpit, while he does evangelistic work throughout the county, and subscribed one hundred and fifty dollars toward his salary. This call he accepted, and is now in the field with his family doing faithful and efficient work, with acceptance to the people. It is a wide field of usefulness. There is no Presbyterian church or preacher within forty miles. Four young men of this church have their hearts turned toward the Gospel ministry and are engaged in studies with that in view. One of them, John W. McClain, was received under the care of the West Lexington Presbytery at its last meeting. This congregation is now engaged in building a house of worship, and have given most liberally of their little means and have been generously helped by some of their abler brethren, but will need more help. Like others of our mountain churches, they are rich in grace, but are poor in this world's goods.

As the result of this long trip into the mountains, I was not able to leave home until the 22d of the month (August), when I went to Beard's church, in Scott county, to assist Rev. Charles T. Thomson. Here I remained one week, preaching to very large and interesting congregations. God poured out His Spirit, healed the old divisions, renewed the

graces of His people and added thirty five new members to the church on profession of faith ; thirty-one of whom I baptized. A collection was taken up for our evangelistic cause, and thirty-three dollars and eighty seven cents was raised, in addition to a former collection.

Mr. Alpheus Cruzan, a member of this church, and a son of one of the elders, determined to devote himself to the Gospel ministry, and was received as a candidate under the care of West Lexington Presbytery at its last meeting, and is now prosecuting his studies at Central University.

In this meeting I had the help of Mr. Addison McElroy, a devoted young Christian from Louisville (son of Rev. Wm. T. McElroy), who rendered valuable aid in the singing. In all the work Brother Thomson, the pastor, rendered the greatest service. He seems to be the right man in the right place. The church speaks of building a large house of worship to meet the demands of the growing congregations.

On Sabbath, September 3d, I preached at Springfield church, Bath county, on the occasion of the funeral of one of its oldest members.

Rev. P. F. Brown, of Carter county, having returned to West Virginia on account of his wife's health, September 6th I visited the church at Olive Hill, in Eastern Kentucky, and preached that night and the next morning. Though left without a shepherd, I found the little church hopeful, keeping up its organization and Sunday School, and engaged in building a house of worship, the only one in the village, and succeeded in increasing their subscription thirty-one dollars for building. That is not much at Lexington, but it is a good deal at Olive Hill. The widow's mite was "more than they all."

On Friday evening, September 7th, I went on to Denton, in Carter county, on the waters of the Little Sandy River, and preached in the school house to a crowd of adult working people, principally from the coal mines. Here I preached Friday, Saturday and Sunday to large and deeply interested congregations, with eleven additions to the church. Being a most destitute field, without a church, and earnestly desiring an organization, I proceeded to organize a Presbyterian church there, with Charles H. Stuart, Esq., as elder.

Here is a wide field for a great work among a multitude of people who need and want regular preaching of the Gospel. A faithful servant can reap a rich reward there, who is willing to take souls for his hire.

On September 14th I went to Lairs, on the Kentucky Central Railroad, in Harrison county. This is the center of a considerable population. In the neighborhood are several large distilleries. There never was a church here. I remained a week, preaching in an old depot, which was crowded with an intelligent and orderly congregation. They heard the word gladly, and eighteen were added to the church, which was organized by the election and ordination of George R. Sharp and Artemus Tate as elders, two of the best men in the community. Some three hundred dollars had already been subscribed to build a house of worship. Rev. J. S. Vanmeter, of Cynthiana, and Rev. C. F. Thomson, of Mount Pleasant church, were present during the meeting and rendered valuable service. They had visited the field before and preached the word faithfully, which God blessed. A few devoted women had organized a Sunday School, and taught it in the depot.

“Verily they shall not lose their reward.”

On the 23d I preached at Mt. Sterling, and on the 25th went to Springdale, in Jefferson county, where I preached over the Sabbath, September 30th. This little church of eight members, organized last spring by the Louisville Presbytery, I found in very feeble condition. The attendance was small, and the people generally indifferent to the Gospel. But there were a faithful few, very few, but enough to claim the promise made to "two or three." God heard and answered, as He said He would, and poured out a rich blessing on those who asked. On the last night of the meeting nineteen came forward to accept Christ, most of them young men and women. It was Pentecost at Springdale.

Twenty-four were added to the little church, quadrupling its members and faith in God. One took his membership to another branch of the church. During most of the service we had the assistance of Rev. W. L. Bedinger, and of his father, Rev. E. W. Bedinger, who has been temporarily supplying this little flock which he first gathered, and who, at much inconvenience, left his duties at Anchorage to attend the services at night.

About the first of May three young men—DeVault, Doggett and Richardson—from the Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, were engaged to canvass several counties in Eastern Kentucky for the Bible Society, and at the same time preach the Gospel as they had opportunity. In this way hundreds of families were supplied with Bibles, and the Gospel preached in many vacant churches and destitute fields. During the summer these young gentlemen canvassed and preached in Bath, Montgomery, Menefee, and Magoffin counties. They did their work faithfully and well.

I have now given an outline of my labors as your evan-

gelist since the last Synod. While this report might have been indefinitely extended with interesting details of the work, I have simply endeavored to state briefly such facts as you had a right to know, without trespassing on your time and patience.

During the past year I have visited and preached to some thirty-two of our churches in the Synod of Kentucky. I have traveled over much of the State, from Paducah to the Sandy River, from the Ohio to the Cumberland.

I have preached some two hundred and seventy times, and there were four hundred and fifty-nine persons received into the Presbyterian church, as one of the immediate and visible results of these labors; most of these I baptized, besides a number of infants. In addition to these, a number who made confession during our meetings, cast their membership with other branches of the church, as they always had permission to do.

I have organized five new churches where none existed before, and reorganized the church at Munfordsville, which changed its ecclesiastical relation. Over these churches I ordained seventeen good men to be rulers.

Out of the churches visited, eight young men have offered themselves as candidates for the Gospel ministry in our church, and are now prosecuting their studies either at Central University or at private schools. Many others are seriously considering the subject.

I am happy to report all our new churches regularly supplied with preaching of the Gospel, except the little group in Carter county, until recently, supplied by Rev. Paul F. Brown, who was induced to return to Virginia on account of his wife's health.

I have dedicated four new churches, and three others are in process of erection.

All of these are new organizations, where none of our order ever existed before. Two others are making preparations to build.

From the churches visited, I have secured the sum of two thousand and forty-four dollars in money and subscriptions, which was devoted either to securing preachers for vacant churches or paying debts on new houses of worship or for the Synod's Evangelistic cause.

This report I submit with profound gratitude to God for the blessings He has always bestowed upon my humble labors; and with profound humility from my sense of unworthiness of such honor.

I can truly say, the longer I know Him the more I believe in Him and the less in myself.

To His name be all the glory.

I need not remind you, my brethren, that this service has not been performed without many discouragements and great exposure. Most of it, from its nature, had to be done among the mountains and destitute fields, or in feeble and discouraged churches.

During the last winter I suffered very much from the severe weather, and once was compelled to leave the State on account of my health. For this reason I shall ask you (if you desire my services as your evangelist any longer) to relieve me from duty during part of the coming winter, that I may seek refuge in the South during the worst of our weather.

For only a small part of the time have I had the assistance of any one to labor with me, which I greatly needed in many places, especially in the song service. My experience

has confirmed the wisdom of the Divine plan of going forth "two and two," even though one may have to do all the preaching. I am confident that in many places, particularly in destitute fields, the visible results would have been much greater if I had had the service of some faithful and efficient co-worker, especially one who could sing well.

The multitude of places needing help, compelled my stay to be short. In many fields where a longer visit would have greatly added to the numbers and efficiency of the church, but I consider it more important to multiply centers of Gospel influence than mere numbers in the church.

Much of my time has been employed in visiting the new churches, confirming them in the faith and supplying them with regular preaching of the Gospel. It would be worse than folly to organize churches to let them perish for want of attention. We can not afford to relinquish territory captured at such labor and expense. I congratulate you, brethren and fathers, upon the illustrious past of our church. I congratulate you more upon its brightening prospects for a more illustrious future. The Centennial of our church in Kentucky finds it in better condition than ever before, its conquests wider and its forces stronger and its resources greater.

With vigorous prosecution of its work and the blessing of God upon its labors, no man can fortell what another Centennial will disclose. It is no stretch of fancy to believe that every county in the State will have a church of our own faith and order; yes, every town and community; that "the wilderness and the solitary places" where no Presbyterian preacher has ever proclaimed the Gospel, "shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose;" that this Synod shall enroll the names of 500 delegates instead

of 100, and the membership of the church be 100,000 instead of 15,000! We owe it to God, to ourselves, to our children and to the perishing thousands in our State, to use our utmost energies and to accomplish these glorious results. We shall not live to see it, but we shall celebrate it in that Eternal Centennial where he that soweth and he that reapeth rejoice together in the sunlight of God's approving, "well done."

EDWARD O. GUERRANT.

Mount Sterling, Ky., Oct. 5, 1883.

REPORT OF EVANGELISTIC LABOR.

To the Synod of Kentucky in session at Hopkinsville, Oct., 1884.
FATHERS AND BRETHREN:

I have the honor to submit the following report of my labors as your evangelist for the past year:

On Saturday, October 13, 1883, I went from the Synod at Harrodsburg to Lawrenceburg, in Anderson county, where I preached on Sabbath morning for Rev. J. S. Lyons, pastor of the church; and at Salvisa, in Mercer county, that night, when two ladies joined the church by profession, and were baptized. Very large congregations assembled at both places and both churches were prospering under their faithful young pastor.

On Wednesday, October 17, I visited the little, deserted church at Florence, in Boone county. I found only about twelve members of the church left, five or six of whom were present during the meeting. Rev. Messrs. W. B. Cooper and William L. Bedinger were present, and lent valuable assistance. We remained over the Sabbath. The congregation increased from two dozen to a house full. God graciously visited His people, and they were greatly revived. Three persons were added to the church on profession of faith, and twenty-four dollars collected for the evangelistic work. They are few, but faithful, and greatly desire and deserve regular preaching.

On Monday, the 22nd, I was compelled to leave in order to attend the meeting of the Synod's Evangelistic Committee at Louisville.

On Friday, the 26th, I went with Rev. Drs. Blanton and

Witherspoon, as a committee, to Frankfort to assist in raising funds to build a house of worship for our people there. The effort was successful and the church has been built and dedicated.

On October 28, I preached at Owingsville, in Bath county, for Rev. J. L. Barnes, our evangelist in that county.

On October 31st, I went to southern Georgia, where I remained a month on account of my health. While there I preached at Fort Gaines, Camilla and Leesburg, and some forty persons made profession of religion and united with the various churches.

On November 27th, I returned to Kentucky, and on December 2nd I visited Grayson, in Carter county, and preached for our vacant church there. I moderated a meeting of the congregation which called Rev. Mr. McLean as pastor; and raised two hundred dollars salary for part of his time. Two adults united with the church and were baptized. Twelve dollars were given to the Synod's evangelistic work.

On December 3rd, I visited the new church at Olive Hill, and preached at night, when six persons were received into the church, and the congregation united with Grayson church in the call for Mr. McLean.

On December 9th, I began a meeting at Covington for Rev. J. T. Plunket, and remained until the 17th. Very unfavorable weather operated against the success of the meeting, as winter set in with deep snows. There were thirty-two added to Rev. Mr. Plunket's church - almost all on profession. Ten of these were received the week preceding, when Dr. H. M. Scudder had assisted the pastor. This is one of the handsomest and most convenient churches in Kentucky, and has one of the most efficient pastors, and

most liberal congregations. It has made great advances in a few years. God has given this church a wide door and a populous field, full of "spirits that go not out but by prayer and fasting." The good women placed in my hands thirty odd dollars for one of our poor mountain churches, and a liberal son of a sainted preacher sent two handsome stoves to the same church.

On December 23, I preached at Mt. Sterling, when the church called Rev. Dr. Scudder to be pastor.

On December 30, I preached at Springfield church, Bath county, when the congregation united in the call to Dr. Scudder for half his time, the two churches promising him \$1,400.

During the month of January (1884), I remained at my home on account of sickness in my family. The weather, the coldest I ever experienced in Kentucky, also forbade my leaving. During the month I preached several times for the church—yet without a pastor, and seventeen were added to the church, mostly on profession.

During this month our church succeeded in extricating itself from an unpleasant and unprofitable partnership with a sister church by selling one-half interest in the church property for \$1,500. Determined to build, we proceeded to raise a subscription, and though our church is neither large nor rich, we secured during the month some four thousand dollars in subscriptions. By the liberal aid of brethren at a distance, we are now about completing a handsome and comfortable church, such as we have long needed.

On February 4th I preached at Olive Hill, and one lady united with the church and was baptized. Here I met Rev. L. E. Scott, of Virginia, who had come to take charge of the Evangelistic work in Carter county.

On February 6th, I returned to Southwest Georgia, where I remained until April 1st, visiting several vacant churches, as evangelist of Macon Presbytery. During the two months, some eighty-three persons were added to the various churches, and many disheartened ones encouraged to hope for better things. At Camilla I dedicated a handsome new church, built by the self-denying labors of a handful of our people.

I found some few faithful and devoted Presbyterians scattered widely over Southern Georgia, suffering greatly for want of preaching and pastoral work. And nowhere have I ever found a more zealous people, or any more appreciative of the ordinances of God's house.

On April 2nd, I returned to Kentucky, and on the 6th preached at the old Springfield church; and raised three hundred dollars to repair the church.

On April 8th, I attended the regular meeting of Presbytery at Midway.

On the 10th, I visited McKinney, in Lincoln county, where I had organized a church in December, 1882. The congregation had built a new and beautiful church, which I dedicated on Sabbath, April 13, in presence of a very large congregation. This church, with its indefatigable pastor, Rev. John E. Triplett, deserves especial mention for their zeal and liberality. Though few in number, they have wrought a great work. At the dedication, \$172 were raised to finish paying off a debt on the house. I remained here until the 16th. Fifteen persons were received into the church, most of them on profession, and ten children baptized.

On April 20, I preached for Rev. I. S. McElroy at Standford, and on the 22d met the Evangelist Committee at Louisville.

On April 27 I went to assist Rev. Dr. E. M. Green, at the First Presbyterian church, Danville, Ky. This church had been recently very handsomely repaired. Large congregations assembled day and night to hear the gospel, and twenty-eight persons were added to Dr. Green's church on profession, besides several by letter. A hundred years have diminished nothing of the zeal, but added much to the efficiency of this grand old mother Church, under its faithful pastor.

On May 11 I preached the funeral discourse of Col. Wm. S. Lane, at the Springfield church, Bath county.

On May 14, I began a meeting at Campbellsville, in Taylor county, where I remained a week, preaching to large and attentive congregations. On Sabbath, the 18th, I dedicated the new and substantial brick church, and raised a subscription of some \$1,200 to pay off a debt incurred in its erection. To the honor of this people, be it said, this expensive church was built under very many discouragements, and *before* the organization of a church.

On May 20, I organized a church of some *fifty* members (*twenty-eight* of whom united at this meeting), most of them by profession; and the others removing their membership from the Bethel church, in the country. Over this church we ordained Daniel Moore, John N. Turner, Dr. E. B. Fleece and Henry Hazard to be elders; and Charles Patterson, George Weatherby and John Cloyd to be deacons—all most excellent men. During these services I had the faithful and efficient assistance of Rev. Wm. M. Crenshaw, pastor of Bethel church, to whom more than any other man, perhaps, this flourishing young church in Campbellsville, owes its existence.

On May 25, I began a meeting at Frankfort, the capital of the State. You are aware of the peculiar situation in this city. The only Presbyterian church there continues to hold its connection with the Northern Church. A number of our people in the city had gone into other churches, or were living out of any. They determined to arise and build a house of their own. This they did, erecting, with much labor and sacrifice, a beautiful and commodious house of worship on the south side of the Kentucky river, in a population of 2,500 without a church. This new church I dedicated on Sabbath, June 1. The services were continued through the week, and *forty-four* persons united with the church, principally on profession. On May 30, with a committee of West Lexington Presbytery, we organized a church of *forty* members, with Captain Thos. G. Poore, Jos. Robinson and Peter Jett, as elders, and S. T. Fortune as deacon. On June 1, the Sabbath school was organized with *seventy-one* members; and \$130 raised to pay off a debt on the church.

All this was accomplished in the face of great opposition from unexpected sources. But God graciously restrained the wrath of man, and made the remainder of it to praise Him! This church has gone on prospering since its organization, and hopes soon to have a faithful pastor.

It has been supplied regularly with preaching, part of the time by Rev. W. D. Morton, an evangelist of Synod. During the progress of the meeting, we had the efficient help, at different times, of Rev. Messrs. Hitner, Morrison, Wither-spoon, Hunter, Cecil and Keller.

On June 15, I preached for Rev. Dr. Bartlett, in the First church, Lexington, and raised a subscription of \$561 to assist in our work of building churches. God *loves* this

people. They are *cheerful givers*. At 4 P. M. on same day, I preached at Salem church, in Clark county, and took up a collection of \$100 more for the same purpose—a very liberal subscription for a small country church.

On June 19, I preached at Owingsville, and made arrangements for building a church there. A beautiful lot has been purchased, and a kiln of brick burned for the church, and both paid for.

On June 22, I preached for Rev. Dr. Van Lear, at Winchester, and the generous congregation subscribed \$210 for our mountain work, in addition to large private subscriptions given previously. At 4 P. M., same day, I preached for Rev. Dr. Ewing, at Union church, in the country and raised a subscription of \$73.75 for the same purpose. All of which sums received have been judiciously applied to the erection of church buildings at Mt. Sterling, Hazle Green, Olive Hill, Beth Salem, Sand Hill, etc., etc.

On June 23, I began a meeting at Olive Hill, in Carter county, and preached there a week. There were thirty-four members added to the church on profession. This little mountain church, organized scarcely two years ago, now numbers nearly a hundred members; has a large prayer-meeting regularly sustained, a Sabbath school of sixty odd members, a band of praying, working members, and a faithful shepherd in Rev. L. E. Scott. Through much tribulation and poverty they have built a commodious and comfortable church, the first in the village, now nearly ready for dedication. They raised a subscription of \$250 for their preacher, Mr. Scott, who is also evangelist of Carter county.

On July 5, I went to Irvine with Rev. Jno. B. DeVault, who went as evangelist for Estill county. I remained in the

county a week, laboring with Mr. DeVault at Irvine, and Sand Hill, in the country. Eight new members were added to the church, a Sabbath school of some fifty scholars organized at Irvine, with good officers and teachers. The Sand Hill brethren, though very poor, raised a subscription of \$70 for their young preacher. He has done faithful and efficient work over the whole county, and is greatly beloved by all the people. The Sand Hill congregation is now engaged in building a house of worship.

On July 19, I began a meeting at Frenchburg, in Menifee county. There was no church in the town (though the county-seat), and we preached in the court-house. Messrs. Mickel and Cooper, of Hazle Green, were present, and rendered efficient help. The weather was very hot. There were only three Presbyterians in the county, one old lady and two youths. But there were many who prayed for God's blessing, and he sent it, as he *always does*. On Sunday, the 27th, we organized a Presbyterian church of sixty eight members, with five good officers: Henry D. Combs, James H. Williams, and Lilburn Hackney, for elders, and Joseph Phelps and Sam. V. Clark, for deacons. Two others were elected but not yet ordained. Sickness compelled me to close after one week's service. As Revs. Drs. Bartlett and Hunter returned from Presbytery at Hazle Green, in September, they stopped and preached a week for this infant church, greatly edifying it, and adding thirteen more to its membership, giving it now eighty-one members. It is the only church of our order in the county. They hope to build a house of worship in the near future.

Garrett Combs, a young member of the church, and son of an elder, offered himself as a candidate for the ministry

at the last meeting of West Lexington Presbytery, was received, and is now at Central University prosecuting his studies. The congregation invited Rev. E. P. Mickel to supply their church, which he has done regularly.

In June, Mr. Mickel, assisted by Mr. Cooper, had held a meeting on Grassy Creek, in Morgan county, and sixteen persons had united with the Presbyterian church. On August 3, by their invitation, I visited the field, and preached in an old log building for a week—a house without doors, windows, lights, or pews. Large congregations attended, and twenty-two persons joined our church. On Sabbath, August 10, we organized a Presbyterian church of thirty-eight members, named by the congregation, *Beth Salem*. Five good officers were installed over this church: Rev. James M. Little (of the M. E. church), J. W. Haney and Geo. Chaney, for elders; and J. H. Wallin and J. Z. Haney for deacons. This is our first church in Morgan county.

Mr. Wallin, the deacon, applied to Presbytery in September as a candidate for the ministry, was received, and will enter Central University this fall. This congregation is now engaged in building a house of worship, so greatly needed. As they are not able to build alone they are building in partnership with sister denominations. They invited Rev. E. P. Mickel to supply them, which he has continued to do regularly, assisted by Mr. Cooper.

On August 15, a number of my class-mates of Union Theological Seminary (1875), assembled at my home, and spent ten days in a pleasant and profitable reunion. They preached daily at the Springfield church, from Sabbath until Friday, greatly to the pleasure and profit of the congregation. On Sabbath, August 24, I preached the closing sermon, and

received two adults into the church, and baptized them and their two children. Here I raised a subscription of \$50 for the Mount Sterling church.

On Tuesday, August 26, I began a meeting at Mt. Tabor church, in Clark county. The services continued until Sabbath night, the 31. There were eighteen new members added to the church, which now numbers some 120 members, has a fine Sabbath school, and the best singing I know of in any country church in the State.

This will be remembered as the church organized in the bar-room and grocery at Comb's Ferry, on the Kentucky river, two years ago. The last evening a subscription was raised for the assistance of the church at Mt. Sterling, and \$63 secured. During this meeting I had the cordial and faithful help of Rev. Dr. D. B. Ewing, the supply at the church.

On September 4, I went to the regular meeting of West Lexington Presbytery, at Hazle Green, in Wolfe county.

So far as I know, this was the first meeting of a Presbytery ever held in the mountains of Kentucky. It was a pleasant and profitable meeting, both to the Presbytery and the people. The attendance was good, considering the distance and the roads to be traveled, forty-five miles from Mt. Sterling and most of the way in road wagons.

The meeting was held in the new Presbyterian church, and all were delighted. All the new churches were represented, and three new candidates for the ministry, from these mountain churches, were received under care of Presbytery, and upwards of \$400 were given by members of Presbytery to various local causes.

On Monday, September 8, Rev. Mr. Cooper and I

started to Breathitt county, a large county of seven thousand inhabitants, on the headwaters of the Kentucky river. On Tuesday, after twenty-six miles ride over very rough mountain roads, we reached Jackson, the county seat, on the north fork of the Kentucky river, some three hundred miles above Frankfort, by the river. It is a little village of some two dozen houses, surrounded by high mountains. The past history of the county had won for it the unenviable name of "bloody Breathitt." Twice the State troops have been sent to this county to repress violence and arrest offenders. There was neither church or school house in the town. The Methodist church had a few members, the Reform, a few more, but the Presbyterian, *not one*.

The people gave us a kind reception, for though, sometimes, taking the law into their own hands, they are a brave and generous people. Among them are many who deprecated the lawlessness of the past, and wish and hope for better things in the future. The congregations increased from a small beginning until the court-house was crowded. Some opposition at first was swept away in the tide of blessing God poured upon the people. Amid these everlasting hills God had a remnant of praying people. They prayed and He answered as *He had promised*.

In some ten days, one hundred and twenty nine persons made public profession of faith in the Lord Jesus. Ninety-four of these were duly organized into a Presbyterian church, with Charles J. Little, Wiley H. Combs, James W. Clark, Theo. G. Curdiss and John E. Patrick for elders; and Dr. T. M. Hill, John J. C. Back and A. H. Baker for deacons. A subscription of \$720 was raised to build a Presbyterian church, the first church in the town, and the first in the county.

Thirty-three of the professors went into the Methodist church, as they had the privilege of doing.

The congregation unanimously called Rev. Mr. Mickel, of Hazle Green, to supply their church, which he consented to do.

On Sabbath afternoon, Rev. Mr. Mickel and I went to Cane Creek school house, four miles from Jackson, and began a meeting, which was continued by Rev. Messrs. Mickel, Cooper and James M. Little until the following Thursday, resulting in forty-six professions, sixteen of the number united with our church in Jackson, giving it one hundred and ten members. During this extraordinary meeting, I had the efficient help of these brethren, and the co-operation of some good people of other churches.

The organization of this church completes the circuit of four churches, in four adjoining counties, of two hundred and eighty one members, now under the faithful pastoral care of Rev. E. P. Mickel, of Hazle Green.

All of these churches have been organized in the last two years, in a country where there were neither Presbyterian churches, preachers, or members. To God be all the glory! The Synod has been his honored instrument in its accomplishment.

On Sabbath, September 28, I preached at the Springfield church, Bath county, and moderated a congregational meeting, which called Rev. I. S. McElroy to be pastor. On Wednesday, October 1, I preached at Mt. Sterling, and moderated a meeting of that church, which also called Rev. Mr. EcElroy, uniting with the Springfield church, dividing his time, and promising him \$1,400 salary for the two churches.

On Sabbath, October 5, I preached for Rev. Dr. E. M. Green, at Danville, and raised a subscription of \$280 to assist in our church building. The same evening I preached at Harrodsburg for Rev. J. J. Chisolm, and raised a subscription of \$205 for the same purpose. These subscriptions were very liberal, considering the fact that one church had just made a similar offering, and the other owed a considerable sum for extensive repairs made on its house. On Monday and Tuesday nights, this week, I preached at New Hope, Nelson county. I was happy to find this faithful little flock gradually gaining ground under the pastoral care of Rev. S. F. Taylor.

During the year I have preached three hundred and one times, received six hundred and twelve persons into the church, organized five new churches, ordained and installed thirty officers, dedicated four new churches, and raised in money and subscriptions \$8,463.50.

Out of these new churches are five young candidates for the ministry; and six other churches are engaged in building new houses. This completes my labors for the year.

In this rapid review of a year's labors, I have necessarily given but the brief outline of the work. Many most interesting details might be given, and valuable lessons drawn, but for want of time.

In conclusion, I feel compelled reluctantly to ask to be relieved entirely or in part from so exacting and laborious a work. The demands of my health require more rest than I have been able to take in such constant and severe labor.

The demands of a family of little children require my presence much more frequently than I can give it in a life which keeps me almost constantly away from my home.

My duty to myself and my family requires some respite from the duties I have tried to discharge as your evangelist for two years and nine months.

I rejoice with you that, by the blessing of God, these labors have not been in vain. Guided and upheld by his omnipotent hand, I have been enabled, in these two years and nine months, to preach eight hundred and thirty-four times, and received into the church one thousand eight hundred and forty seven persons, organized fifteen new churches, and re-organized three old ones, which had died out, ordained and installed over them seventy-eight officers, recommended thirteen young candidates for the ministry, principally from these new churches—most of them now in Central University, dedicated nine new churches, and assisted six others now being built, and raised in money and subscriptions for various causes of our Church \$11,538.

Truly, “it is the Lord’s doing and marvellous in our eyes.” No one could be more deeply impressed than I have been with the manifest tokens of God’s hand in all this work. No one could more sensibly feel that our, “sufficiency is of him.”

And if I have learned any lesson better than another in all this varied experience, it is that the “gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,” and that it needs only be preached plainly, earnestly and effectuately, and, above all, prayerfully, to accomplish God’s pleasure in the salvation of men. I have never seen it fail; I never expect to. If God is true it can not fail.

And in all this labor, the greatest support I received was in the assurance in his word, and the proof I had everywhere that God is true.

For the privilege of doing this work, I return this venerable and beloved Synod my profoundest thanks. That God may grant you the wisdom and the consecration to carry out this great work to which he has called you, I humbly pray. That he will gloriously reward you, I assuredly know.

His word and His providences call you to larger fields and richer conquests. You do not know the vast destitutions within the bounds of your own beloved commonwealth. You can not see the ten thousands of hands held forth imploringly begging for the bread of life. But they are there, behind the barriers of your great mountains, and I only echo the cry I have heard from their sorrowful homes to your sympathizing hearts; that you may hear it and answer it in b^rgs beyond treasures of earth and time, I humbly w^s. Then I know you will hear their Master say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I w^s a hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me; for inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

LAST REPORT TO SYNOD, OCTOBER, 1885.

MT. STERLING KENTUCKY.

To the Venerable Synod of Kentucky—Fathers and Brethren :

I have the honor to submit this, my fourth annual report of my labors as your evangelist for the Synodical year now closing. By your permission, I was released from my work in Kentucky for six months during last winter. Much of this time I spent in the South, preaching at Mobile, Ala., Charleston, S. C., Lynchburg, Va., and Charleston, W. Va., assisting my brethren in these cities in their work. Also at Louisville, Paris, and Lexington, Ky. At all of these cities I had the cordial and efficient co-operation of my brethren, and God abundantly blessed his truth, and some 500 members were added to the church.

On the 1st of May I resumed my evangelistic work in Kentucky. My first visit was made to our new church at Frankfort, where I spent a few days laboring with the pastor, Rev. Robert E. Caldwell. I found the church prospering under his faithful ministry, with a most encouraging outlook for the future. Sickness compelled me to leave after a few days' service. There were three persons added to the church.

CRAB ORCHARD.—On the 14th of May I went to Crab Orchard, in Lincoln county, to assist Rev. A. S. Moffett, of Stanford. I remained there some five days preaching in the Baptist church. There were a few earnest Christians there, who worked and prayed for God's blessing. As a result, we organized a Presbyterian church, on the 18th of May, with some thirty-five members, twenty of them joined on profession of faith. The meeting was continued by Brothers Moffett and John E. Triplett, and several other additions

made to the church, which has gone forward under the faithful ministry of Mr. Moffett. A handsome lot was presented to the church, and they hope to have their own house of worship. On the 24th of May I visited our church at Catterletsburg, on the Big Sandy river, long without a pastor. I remained there three days. The church received two new members, and called Rev. Samuel D. Boggs, of Clintonville, to be pastor ; and he has entered upon his work with most flattering prospects.

OLIVE HILL.—On the 31st of May I dedicated the new church at Olive Hill, in Carter county. The church received one valuable addition, and elected two additional elders. This church, only about two years old, has upwards of eighty members, a flourishing Sunday School and prayer-meeting, a nice house of worship paid for, and regular preaching of the gospel.

On the 7th of June I went to Franklin, in Simpson county, and spent a week with Rev. A. D. Tadlock. Exceedingly hot weather and other causes interfered with the meeting, but God blessed his word, revived his church, and added ten new members to the communion of the church. This little church and its earnest pastor deserve the success God is granting them. They are now engaged in building a handsome brick house of worship.

ESTILL CHURCH.—On the 21st of June I went with Rev. J. B. DeVault to the mountains of Estill county, where we preached a week at the old Furnace. There were five members of our church in the neighborhood, who had joined at a previous meeting. During the week there were forty additions, and on Sabbath, 28th, we organized a church of forty-five members, with John W. Newkirk for elder and Morgan

R. Lyle for deacon, Mr. DeVault has supplied this church regularly since, and it has a flourishing Sabbath School, and a most hopeful future. They have a church already built by the Furnace Company. On the 29th I preached at Irvine, the county seat of Estill, and received two new members on profession. I found this church in better condition than ever, with a flourishing Sabbath School and prayer-meeting. On the 30th I preached at Sand Hill, where our people were engaged in building a church. One young man united with our church there. By faithful pastoral work this field has been greatly encouraged and strengthened in the past year.

WILMORE CHURCH.—On the 10th of July I went to Jessamine county, where a nice church had been built near Wilmore Station, on the Great Southern Railroad, through the efforts of Brothers Cecil and Simrall, of Nicholasville and Troy. To their faithful labors, with God's blessing, this flourishing new church owes its existence. I remained there ten days. God poured out His Spirit in power, and sixty-six persons were received into the church, (thirteen by letter and fifty-three on profession). On the 19th of June, assisted by the brethren, we organized the Wilmore church, with G. W. Thompson, James S. Hawkins, Robert A. Dodd, John Rhorer for elders, and Wm. Patterson, John Lowry, Louis S. Roberts and Louis Lowry for deacons. This church is composed of some of the best and most substantial citizens of Jessamine county. They are now making an effort to have regular preaching and a pastor of their own. One promising young member of this church has been called to preach the Gospel, and is now prosecuting his studies for that purpose.

MOREHEAD.—On the 2nd of August I visited Morehead, the county seat of Rowan county, preached twice, and or-

ganized a Sabbath school. The presence of soldiers to preserve the peace, and the excitement prevailing at the time rendered a protracted service at the time impracticable.

LEWISPORT.—On the 9th of August, I visited Lewisport, on the lower Ohio river, and spent a week with Rev. F. A. Cheek. Our little flock there having no church building, occupied the Methodist church. The weather was the hottest of the summer, but good congregations heard God's word attentively, and seven were added to the church on profession. On the 21st of August, I again visited Morehead, preached two days in the court-house, and raised a subscription of over \$800, to build a church, as there was none in the town, and but *one* in the county. Having secured subscriptions of some \$400 more, we expect soon to begin a church to be used by *all* Christian denominations.

BEARD'S CHURCH.—On the 30 of August, I dedicated the new Beard's church, in Scott county, for Rev. C. S. Thompson, its faithful and efficient pastor. I preached here three days, assisting Mr. Thompson. There were ten added to the church on profession, and over \$700 raised to pay off a debt on the church. This is one of the handsomest country churches in Kentucky—costing nearly \$3,000. Not less than a thousand people were present on the day of dedication; so that Mr. Thompson and myself both preached to overflowing houses, in the old church and new one. In fifty years' history of this church, it has had no such outlook for the future as now.

On September 1st, with Rev. F. B. Converse, of the *Christian Observer*, I started on a tour through the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. That night I preached at Frenchburg, the county seat of Menifee county, and one joined

the church on profession. Our new church here is engaged in building, and have a substantial house already up and covered and approaching completion. On the next day, Mr. Converse preached at Hazle Green, in Wolfe county, for Mr. Mickel. On the next day, we both preached at Beth-salem church, in Morgan county, where a new and commodious house of worship has taken the place of the old log house, which afforded little protection a year ago. These three churches, compose Mr. E. P. Mickel's field, requiring great labor and self-denial, and bringing great blessings and rewards.

On September 4th we crossed over from the head of the Red river onto the waters of the Kentucky river, in Breathitt county, Mr. Converse going to Jackson, the county seat, where he preached for several days to our church, greatly to their encouragement and delight.

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.—I went to the White Oak school house, near the mouth of Frozen Creek, on the North Fork of the Kentucky river, where we held services twice a day for a week. Mr. Mickel's little organ furnished the music for the few who knew how to sing, and God's Spirit furnished the power to convert the soul, and sixty-four persons united with the church on profession of faith. On 13th of September, assisted by Rev. Wm. B. Cooper, the faithful evangelist of Breathitt county, and elders from our Jackson church, we organized a church, with Capt. A. C. Cope, Nathan B. Day, Theo. G. Cundiff and John C. M. Day for elders, and Thos. Strong, John H. Lovelace, William Day and Thomas Sewell for deacons. The congregation raised \$682 to build themselves a house of worship, which they are now preparing to erect. They named their church

the "*Church in the Wilderness*," because it stands in the midst of a vast and beautiful forest, covering the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. Previous visits by our evangelists, Rev. Messrs. Mickel, Cooper and Little, had prepared the way for this great blessing, as well as the next. God will reward their self-denying labors.

MIDDLE FORK CHURCH.—On Sunday evening, after the organization of the church, Mr. Cooper and I crossed the North Fork of Kentucky river, and over the mountain to War creek, where I preached that night at the residence of Mr. Theo. G. Cundiff, one of our faithful elders and co-workers. Five persons (two of Mr. Cundiff's family) accepted Christ that night, and were added to the Church in the Wilderness. On Monday morning we went to the Middle Fork of the Kentucky river. Brothers Converse and Mickel had gone over on Saturday and preached on Sabbath. We held our services in an old log school house, and near the river, on a little creek called "Beginning Branch." We extemporized seats with planks, and had the old roof patched to shut out some of the rain which poured on the congregation on the Sabbath. God heard our prayers and it rained not for the rest of the week. A rain would have broken up our meeting. The little organ, carried on the shoulders of the mountain boys from the North Fork, was on hand to lead our praises to God. Brothers Converse and Jas. Little were with us part of the week, and Brothers Cooper and Mickel all of it, and rendered most valuable assistance. And God was there in pentecostal power, to bless His word. The people came and heard and believed the Gospel. From Wednesday to Sabbath night 117 people made public profession of faith in Christ, and 115 were received into the Presbyterian church, all

adults but two, and nearly all then and there baptized. On Sabbath, September 20, we organized the Middle Fork Presbyterian church, with 115 members, only one of whom had ever before belonged to our church. The congregation elected Calloway Crawford, Jesse Spicer, Samuel Jett, Hiram Mullins and Morton Jett to be elders, and Alexander Crawford, Hyreanus Jett, Granville Spicer and Kenaz Crawford to be deacons. These officers were duly ordained and installed after a statement of the doctrines of the Church. They are all men of good report and among the best citizens of the county.

The congregation raised \$641 to build a house of worship in a beautiful situation, presented to the church by Mr. Spicer (in his front yard.)

The contract for building has been let, and the house now under way. The congregation was so large on Sabbath we were compelled to hold the services out doors under the trees, where the people sat and stood patiently and attentively for four hours, during the sermon, and communion, and organization of the church, and public reception of twenty-one new members. Other engagements compelled us to close the meeting on Sunday night. One youth of good promise, a member of this church, desires to prepare himself for the ministry and hopes to enter upon his studies soon.

JACKSON.—On Tuesday and Wednesday nights I preached at Jackson, and seven persons professed faith in Christ, and were received into the church. This church is now finishing a beautiful house of worship, the first in the town, and about the only one yet in this large county. Mr. Cooper, the evangelist of this county, has now three large churches, with upwards of three hundred members, where a

year ago we had neither churchs or members. All, the result under God of the evangelistic work of this Synod. On Friday, September 25, we had a convention of the officers of our new churches in Wolfe, Menifee, Morgan and Breathitt counties. This convention assembled in Mr. Mickel's church, in Hazle Green. Rev. Messrs. Cooper, Mickel, Little and myself were present, with officers and members of the various churches. Two days were spent most pleasantly and profitably in the discussion of the duties of elders, deacons and members of the church, also of parents and teachers. We had preaching every morning and night until the close of the meeting on Sabbath. Four persons united with the church, one of whom, a young gentleman, desires to prepare himself for the ministry.

On October 3, I went to the Silver Creek chapel, in Madison county, to assist Rev. Dr. Forman in a few days' service. Though a busy season with the farmers, the congregations were good and three persons were received into the church.

SAND HILL.—On Sabbath, October 11, I dedicated the new church at Sand Hill, in Estill county, built during the summer by our little flock, in partnership with our primitive Baptist brethren. It is a very nice, comfortable and substantial house. One person united with the church on profession, and money enough was raised to pay off our debt on the church.

A constant rain after the Sabbath prevented the continuance of the services. On Sabbath last I preached at the Union church, in Clark county, at 11 A. M. and 3 P. M., dedicated a new church at Winchester for our colored brethren, built largely through the efforts of Col. John H.

Moore, an elder of the Irvine church, "whose praise is in all our churches."

This closed my work for the year. I submit it with profound gratitude to God for his abundant blessing on these humble labors. And I cannot forget to thank this noble Synod for its cordial and generous support of this great evangelistic work in which we have been engaged. I feel it is your work, even more than my own. I have been your agent in carrying out the plans you have so wisely devised, and so liberally sustained. The visible and immediate results of my year's work have been the addition of some 860 members to the Presbyterian church, besides many who united with sister churches. The organization of five new churches, with twenty-eight officers and three hundred and thirty members.

The dedication of four new churches (besides one for the colored people), the building of seven churches, completed or in course of erection, the addition of four young men to our roll of candidates, and the raising of \$5,243.50 for the building of churches and support of evangelists and candidates.

In all of this work I have had the cordial support of many of my brethren, pastors and evangelists of this and other Synods. The blessing is ours; the glory is God's. And now shall I add a word in reference to the prosecution of this great work? Is it necessary? These facts speak louder than words. They are the voice of God, calling us to go up and possess the land with our brethren.

Our work is just begun. Its very magnitude oppresses us. These churches we have planted, are like beacon lights on the shore of a continent of Spiritual darkness. Tens of

thousands of our neighbors are perishing for the bread of life. We must give it to them.

“ Shall we, whose souls are lighted,
With the wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny? ”

We cannot if we would. We would not if we could.

The Gospel, in all its pentecostal power, is still here, and the opportunities and facilities for preaching and publishing it are here in greater number and power than ever before; and the people are here, multitudes of them, and many of them who seldom hear the Gospel, and most of them are accessible.

No outlay in God’s service pays larger dividends than such missionary labor. Many of my brethren here to-day can testify to this fact. The whole history of this evangelistic work is an overwhelming demonstration of this fact. In the three years and nine months I have served this Synod as an evangelist, there have been, under my ministry 2,707 persons added to the Presbyterian church, twenty-three churches organized, fifteen churches built, 96 officers ordained and installed, seventeen candidates offered for the Gospel ministry, fourteen churches dedicated and \$16,781 raised for the building of churches and support of evangelists and candidates for the ministry. Add to this all that has been done by all our other evangelists, and all that has been accomplished by sister churches, under the stimulus and encouragement of our example! God alone knows, and eternity alone will reveal, the results of this work of the Synod of Kentucky. But, my brethren, it is just begun. These are but a cluster of grapes from the brook of Eshcol. The mighty vintage of

immortal souls is yet to be gathered. I am thoroughly convinced of our duty, and as thoroughly convinced of the evil consequences of its neglect, both to us as individuals, and as a church. We are debtors to give this people the Gospel, and as a great bishop once said of the perishing millions of other lands, we say of these, "The question is not so much whether these people can be saved without the Gospel, as whether we, ourselves, can be saved if we fail to give it to them."

We must do it. God has answered that question in the most emphatic manner.

We are now at Kadesh Barnea, on the borders of the promised land. We must go up with Joshua and Caleb to possess it, or turn back with the cowards to perish in the wilderness of unbelief. God commands us to "go forward," and though the sea and the wilderness and the Anakim may interpose mighty obstacles to our advance, the same God who opened a way through the sea, and fed his children in the wilderness, and slew the sons of Anak in fenced cities, is with us to-day and forever.

EASTERN KENTUCKY.

A PREACHING TOUR THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS, SEPTEMBER,
1889.

Through the kindness of my own people, and by direction of the Synod of Kentucky, I have been making an evangelistic tour through the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. The Church has such great interest in this work that a word as to its progress may not be out of place.

On September 9, I left my home, and reached Frenchburg in Menifee county, on the evening of the 10th. Brother Mickle accompanied me from Mt. Sterling to Hazle Green, in Wolfe county.

The brethren sent horses to meet us at the terminus of the railroad, five miles from Frenchburg. A mountain lay between. My horse proved to be blind, and insisted on running away over the mountains. He was no more foolish than some men, who rush blindly into eternity.

I found Brother Andrew Irvine in charge of our church here. He also teaches a large school, and is doing a fine work. I preached at night to a crowded house. The little mountain town grows slowly and changes but little. Old Mother Ward, who was the only Presbyterian in the county when I organized the church, is still living.

On Wednesday we went on to Hazle Green, in Wolfe county, over twenty miles of as bad a road as one could imagine a wagon could go over. Our team ran away down the "Winding Stairs," because a backing strap broke. We all

got out before the wagon struck a big rock at the bottom. Brother Mickel left early, and rather precipitately, having a better knowledge of the road. I believe I got out last, but not until the "breeching broke." We reached Hazle Green about dark, and I preached to a large congregation in the first Presbyterian church ever built in these mountains. This is one of the churches in charge of Messrs. Mickel and James Little.

On Thursday morning Brother Mickel returned to his home at Jackson, and I went across to our Beth Salem church in Morgan county, in company with Brother James Little. I preached there both morning and night. This young church has already furnished a candidate for the ministry.

On Friday we crossed over the Red River to Gilmore church in Wolfe county, where I preached morning and night. This is a new church organized by Messrs. Little and Mickel since my last visit to these mountains. The morning congregation was small on account of the big crop of apples. (The farmers were busy making brandy) I alluded to the subject that night, and the still was silent the next morning. Can not say what stopped it, whether it was the sermon or the want of apples. Brother Little lives near this church, and I was his guest. His farm is on the steep sides of two mountains—his house, a double log one—but his home is a model Christian home. I never knew one that was better ordered. He is an educated, Christian gentlemen, who never went to school but four months in his life.

On Saturday, the 14th, we crossed the mountains to Jackson, the county seat of Breathitt, on the North Fork of the Kentucky river, twenty miles of road as bad as a horse

could travel. We found Van Cleve's little chapel on the Frozen, burned by some bad man. It was only a little log cabin, but was the only church in Breathitt county when we first went there some five years ago. We rode through some as poor country as I ever saw.

Between two big mountains stood a little cabin in the midst of a wilderness, and not a fence, or garden, or field, or living thing in sight—not even a goose. A visit to this county would help some people who are never contented.

We reached Jackson, on the North Fork of the Kentucky river, before dark, and I preached at night to a large congregation, in our handsome new church.

I found Jackson much improved since our first visit, some five years ago. A large brick Court House, a fine brick academy, a number of handsome residences, and Brother Mickel's parsonage—our first parsonage in the mountains—all have been built in a few years.

Before the sermon, I baptised Guerrant Mickel, the little preacher of the parsonage. I was happy to find our faithful evangelist so well fixed in his new home, built largely by the brethren in the interior.

On Sabbath morning we "took up our carriages" early, and carried them twelve miles across two mountains, to our new church on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky river, where I preached at 11 A. M. to over 500 people, filling the house and yard. The occasion was the funeral of Newton Jett, who had been dead some fifteen years.

After dinner, Messrs. Mickel and Little preached the funeral of two of his daughters—the Mrs. Spicers. It is the custom of the people to have a funeral discourse, soon or late, over their dead. After the funerals I preached again at 3:30

P. M. We closed the day's services at 5 P. M. with a crowded house. This is the only church building on this beautiful river, which is one hundred miles long. The people came far and near. On Monday morning Brother Mickel and I preached two more funerals, of the infant children of Hiram Mullins, one of the elders of the church. After the services, three ladies united with the chnrch.

Brother Mickel returned to Jackson and Frozen Creek, while Brother Little and I went to the Lower Twin Creek to preach at Matt Bowman's. A tremendous rain overtook us and I got soaking wet. The house was full of people on our arrival at 5 P. M., so I preached without a chance to get dry. On invitation, five persons accepted Christ, Mr. Bowman among them.

The old schoolmaster, on Puncheon Camp, nine miles off, dismissed his school and came to church.

It was nearly dark when service was over, and clever Matt Bowman invited them all to stay all night. I counted nineteen there the next morning, and we all slept in two rooms. These people are the soul of hospitality. I slept soundly under the patter of the rain on the roof over my head; so soundly I did not observe a strange bedfellow, when the old schoolmaster got into my cot by mistake in the dark.

At the mouth of the Twin creeks we had stopped and tried to get the use of the convict prison to preach in, but it was too full. These convicts are at work on the Kentucky Union railroad, now being built through these mountain counties to Jackson.

It rained all day Tuesday, but good congregations filled Mr. Bowman's little house, and were fed at his table. I

preached at 10 A. M., and 4 P. M., and twelve more united with the church.

Wednesday was a clear, cool day, after the big fog lifted itself from the mountain valleys.

I preached at Mr. Bowman's again at 10 A. M., but after dinner crossed a mountain to Bear Creek, in Lee county, where I preached at 4 P. M. Our road, or bridle path (for there are no real roads in this country), to the Bear creek, lay through an unbroken wilderness of magnificent forest trees—the abode of wild animals and rattlesnakes. We passed only one house on the way, where old Reuben Fletcher had raised twenty children.

The school house on Bear Creek was open all around, so the people could hear about as well outside as in.

We had a large and most attentive congregation. After preaching sixteen came forward to accept Christ.

If you could have heard the shouting, you might have taken it for a Methodist revival.

People have different ways of expressing their joy—and I did not interfere. Paul was all things to all men! I never object to people being in earnest. Twelve of the sixteen had never made a public confession before, and some were old.

The people of Kentucky know nothing of the religious destitution of this country. There is no church or regular preaching in this region. The people are perishing for the bread of life.

I preached at the Bear Creek schoolhouse twice the next day, and ten more united with the church. The young teacher (an exceedingly bright girl and fine teacher) dismissed her school and united with the church.

After the evening service, I took up a subscription to

build a house of worship, and secured enough to insure its completion.

Two men agreed to give all the lumber for the house.

It will be built near where the Twin creeks empty into the Middle Fork of Kentucky river, and on the line of the Kentucky Union railroad and near the depot. On Friday morning we crossed from Bear Creek to Ivy Patch Creek, also in Lee county, where I preached at the house of widow Lee Parmer. The house and porch were crowded at 10 A. M. and 4 P. M., and six more confessed Christ and received baptism, making forty-nine in all. These were organized into the Twin Creek Church, with Madison Bowman, Sr., and John W. Parmer for elders; and A. J. Bowman, deacon, as good men as any country affords.

This completed our work in this neighborhood and consumed all our available time. To God be all the glory, as His was all the power.

This new church will be in charge of Messrs. Mickel and Little, our evangelists in this field.

It is well located and has a wide field of usefulness. This country is being rapidly developed by the construction of the Kentucky Union railroad, the first which ever penetrated the vast mineral and timber lands of the Upper Kentucky river. I stopped to preach at the school house on War Creek, on Saturday morning. A 4:30 P. M., we reached the pretty new church at the Forks of Frozen, and found brother Mickel preaching an impressive sermon on the Christian soldier, and his armor and weapons.

This letter leaves me here to spend the Sabbath, and a day or two next week, after which I return to my own patient people.

This completes the circuit of our churches in this part of the mountains. Eight of them, with some 500 members, all the fruit of our Synod's evangelistic work in five years.

What glory it brings to God, and what good to men, only eternity will reveal.

May God give our church the wisdom, and the grace to continue the work until the Master comes.

EDWARD O. GUERRANT.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

The following extracts from my diary will give an idea of the daily life of our mountain evangelists. The difficulties and encouragements of the work.

Saturday, Aug. 2nd, 1884.

Started to Hazel Green in Wolfe county, at 7 o'clock A. M. on the Coal railroad. No one met me at Rothwell, the end of the road, and I had to walk three miles toward Frenchburg, over the Big Slate Hill, with Prof. Hayes, of Hazel Green. A hot day. Stopped at Joe Cobb's and got my dinner, and set Newt. Colyer's boy's shoulder. I rode down to Frenchburg and thence on to Maytown on Will Day's horse. At Maytown I got in mail wagon of Douglas Hackney and came on to Hazel Green by dark. Stopped at Col. Samuel's "Pieratt House" and stayed tonight. Very tired. First saw our new church; unfinished.

Sunday, August 3rd, 1884.

Beautiful day. Bro. W. B. Cooper took little John and an organ and me out to the old log church on Upper Caney. Heard Bro. Jim Wheeler and Bro. Leander Lacey preach; the first, an earnest old Baptist, as unlearned as could be wished by his brethren; the latter, a rather bright son of my old friend and patient, Mose Lacey, and a Reformer. I made a few remarks after they got through. Took dinner at Bro. Haney's and preached to a large congregation—Luke 11, 10. Bro. Cooper was to preach at night but failed to return from Hazel Green, and I had to preach again at 7 P. M. though very tired and hoarse. The old log house was very open.

A horse could jump through the opening on one side, and men and boys come in and go out where there is no door. A large congregation sat patiently on split log-benches, very rough and uncomfortable. I staid to-night at Dick Phipps Long's on the hill.

Monday, August 4th, 1884.

Had services at 3 P. M. and at early candle lighting, in the old church. Election day, and this church is the voting place of Upper Grassy precinct. A crowd of men and boys present all day, voting and dancing to the banjo, and jumping and eating ginger cakes. I preached at 3 P. M. to a crowded house. Election suspended during preaching. Mattie Virginia Haney and Adeline Patrick confessed Christ. I preached at night. Rev. James Little (of M. E. church) joined on Thursday night. By appointment the congregation (of twenty-nine members) elected Rev. James M. Little, James Wilburn Haney and George Chaney to be elders, and J. Zach Haney and Jas. Henry Wallin to be deacons; all excellent men; no better in the country.

Saturday, August 9th, 1884.

Another cool morning and cloudy day. Threatening rain all week, but no rain. The coolest week I nearly ever knew in August—Remarkable. Mrs. Mickel and children at brother Haney's. I staid at brother Blanks' last night, with a crowd. Slept with “big Jehu” in the shed room. (O, me! Jehu forgets to wash his feet.) Very hoarse and very tired. Worn out with continual work. Must rest. People had a general meeting to discuss building a new church. Squire Jim Nickel and son and brother Maddox and I spoke. Didn't come to any conclusion; postponed determination until next Saturday, as usual here.

Sunday, August 10th, 1884.

Cool and damp morning in the mountains. A big fog fills the valleys. Brother Mickel went to Hazel Green to fill his regular appointment. Brother Maddox of United Baptist church preached an hour and ten minutes on most everything. Worn out. I preached at 3 P. M. to a great crowd. Began by giving outline of doctrines of our church, then ordained and installed the officers—Rev. Jas. M. Little and Wilburn Haney and Geo. Chaney to be elders, also Zach Haney and Henry Wallin to be deacons; all fine men.* I then preached on Luke xv: 1. "Drawing near to Jesus," and on invitation, Richard Menifee Wilson and his wife, and three others came forward and joined on profession. Closed our meeting, and organized a church of thirty-eight members, and five good officers. Bid all good-bye and went to Hazel Green to preach to-night. Drove a young horse in an old buck wagon, with Mrs. Mickel and her two babies, and an organ and our baggage, all to town, over a bad road. Got there alive and thankful. Brother Cooper preached to a fine congregation, well, on John xiv: 1-3. Church not yet done. No pews, nor plastering.

*These three brethren—James M. Little, J. Zach Haney and J. Henry Wallin are now all in the gospel ministry; two are evangelists in Kentucky, and one pastor of the church at Umatilla, Florida.

FROM THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

EVANGELISTIC TOUR THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF
KENTUCKY.

In compliance with an order of West Lexington Presbytery, requiring every minister to spend at least two weeks during the summer in evangelistic work, brother E. P. Mickel of Grayson, and I started on a tour through the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, on August 19th.

FRENCHBURG.

Our first appointment was at Frenchburg, the county seat of Menifee, a little village literally surrounded by mountains. Brother Mickel preceded me one day and preached to a good congregation in the new church.

Two years ago there was not a church in the town, and but one Presbyterian in the county; now we have a neat and comfortable Presbyterian church building, and an organization of eighty odd members. So much for the evangelistic work of our Synod. Our church has also a regular prayer-meeting and a Sabbath school, probably the only ones in town, and attended by all denominations. The brethren of the Reformed church are also building a good church, but need help from some of their richer brethren. They ought to have it. By a misunderstanding no conveyance met me at the terminus of the little narrow-gauge mountain railroad. So like Paul, "I took up my carriage" (knapsack and over-coat) and walked over the mountoin, five miles, to Frenchburg. It was warm, but I reached the village just in time to

preach to a house crowded with a most attentive congregation, including nearly every school teacher in the county, for the Teachers' Institute was in session in the town.

Things were mighty changed since I organized this little church in the old court house a little over two years ago. Then, we had just light enough to see how to talk; now a nice chandelier enabled us to read without 'specs'.

Then, the only organ was a crying babe; now, a handsome organ skillfully played by a young lady, led a full chorus of singers.

Then, dear old Grandmother Ward constituted the Presbyterian church of Menifee county, elders, deacons, members and all; now a church of some 75 members, with some faithful officers, assist the old lady in holding up the cross above the mountains. This is the "Alexander Church" named in honor of its generous elder patron.

The next morning brother Mickel and I talked to the Teachers' Institute by invitation, and as we had both been pedagogues, we felt at home with "the rule and ferule." The Institute was composed of a fine body of young ladies and gentlemen, and was presided over by a prince of teachers, Prof. Hayes. At 12 M., brother Mickel and I started on to Hazel Green, in Wolfe county, to meet an appointment that night.

The little mountain "hack" was too full to take us up the mountain from Frenchburg, and so we walked two and a half miles to the top and there got seats for the remaining twenty miles. The roads were very rough and the day hot, but we reflected that both were more pleasant than many that our fathers knew. The day was not a "fiery furnace," nor the road the "Via Dolorosa."

Everywhere we noticed the marks of improvement, the advance of a better civilization among the mountains. Churches were going up along the road, new fields opened and new houses built—of better construction than the old log cabins. Then we knew that the best educator of a people is the Christian religion.

We reached Hazel Green, the gem of the mountain towns, about dark. This beautiful village lies in a great basin on the upper Red river, with a rim of green mountains around it—like a picture frame. The good people were anxiously awaiting our coming, and the Nicholasville bell summoned a full house to hear brother Mickel, their former pastor, preach a good sermon. Everybody here loves him for his own sake and his faithful work among them.

A few years ago there was only an unfinished church in this pretty town; now it has three handsome and comfortable churches. Then there were only about three Presbyterians in the county, now, some fifty, with a good organization, and some most devoted members. This little vine owes very much to the faithful efforts and earnest prayers of Col. Robert Samuel and his devoted wife. On her invitation I first visited this field, and organized this church in the school house. God will reward them.

MORGAN COUNTY.

On Saturday I preached morning and evening, and five women united with our church after the evening service. Brother Mickael remained to preach over the Sabbath, and I went on to Bethsalem in Morgan county, where I preached on the Sabbath to a congregation too large for the church, so we held the services in God's first temple, beneath the spreading branches of a beautiful grove. Two years ago we

had no church here, and no members. Now we have a large comfortable church and about fifty members. The old log house without doors, windows, seats, or ceiling, in which we organized the church, is now replaced by a handsome frame building, capable of seating some three hundred people, built, owned and occupied harmoniously by the Baptists, Reformers and Presbyterians. "Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Brother Mickel came out on Monday, and the people petitioned for three services a day. So we preached at 10 A. M., 3 P. M. and 7 P. M., and scores of them walked (riding is a luxury to many up here) every service and carried their babies.

How I pity those poor brethren who never enjoy such a privilege of feeding the hungry.

It is no trouble to feed those who are not afflicted with a kind of spiritual dyspepsia. Their digestion is unimpaired, and they rejoice in the strong meat of Christian doctrine. These mountain people make religion a matter of business instead of a recreation as so many do.

BREATHITT COUNTY.

On Wednesday we had to leave in order to meet our appointment in Breathitt county. Besides brother Mickel, the former faithful pastor of these churches, we had with us his earnest co-worker, Rev. James M. Little—born and reared among these mountains, and whose services have been invaluable to our cause. He says he was a Presbyterian long before he ever saw one, or heard a sermon by a Presbyterian preacher. Learned to be one by reading the Bible. I need not say he is a good one.

We crossed the mountain dividing the waters of the Red

river from the Upper Kentucky and rode down the Frozen stream to the North Fork of Kentucky river where Mr. Mickel preached at night in the little school house on White Oak, to a little company, by three little lamps without chimneys. Few men could preach such a sermon by electric light.

The night was dark, the roads rough, the mountains high, so we appointed both services for daylight, 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. Word having gone out of our arrival, the house was filled with an eager anxious congregation, hungry for the bread of life, many of whom walked for miles to church. A year or two ago there were only one or two Presbyterians in this county; now we have a church of some seventy members, with fine officers and a good sum made up to build a house of worship.

This is the "church in the Wilderness," within the diocese of brother Cooper, who is holding a meeting on the Middle Fork of Kentucky river, preparatory to our coming. These "wilderness" people, and, indeed, all these "inhabitants of the rocks," remember your visit to them with grateful hearts, and pray for your return.

MIDDLE FORK.

Leaving brothers Mickel and James Little to continue the meeting, I left on Saturday to join brothers Cooper and J. B. DeVault on the Middle Fork.

The road, a most rugged one, lay across the North Fork of the Kentucky river, through Miller's Gap, and up War Creek, by the old Indian battle ground. I stopped for dinner at one of our faithful elders, Theophilus Cundiff's, and preached to the District Methodist Conference, then in session at his house. Here I received a nice present of the skin of a rattlesnake 14 years old, which was killed under Mr. Fri-

ley's dinner table, after the whole family had dined. God sealed his venomous mouth until they were all out of danger. Let us all trust God, and not forget to look under the table when travelling in the wilderness.

EVANGELISTIC TOUR THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY.

It was dark when I reached the new church on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky river, and brother J. B. DeVault was preaching a good sermon to an attentive little congregation, seated on rough boards.

I thank God for what my eyes beheld—the first church building on a river over one hundred miles long, in a county settled over one hundred years ago. So much for our Synod's evangelistic work.

One year ago there was but one Presbyterian on this river. Now this church numbers one hundred and seventeen members. One year ago I organized this church out of doors for want of a better place. Now we are worshipping in a large, comfortable and substantial frame building, capable of seating three hundred people. Though yet unfinished it afforded comfortable quarters for our meeting. The church is built in elder Jesse Spicer's front yard, donated by this liberal servant of God, besides a generous sum of money. It stands on a beautiful eminence, a high promontory, overlooking a great bend in the river, and in the center of a large population. The lumber used in the construction was brought on push boats some forty miles, because there are no

saw mills on this river, except the ancient whip-saw run by two strong men. This church owes much to dear Brother Wm. B. Cooper and his faithful co-worker James M. Little, who supply this field with preaching.

The morrow was the Sabbath, and a great congregation filled the church, many coming as far as ten or fifteen miles over mountain roads. Five persons, all adults, joined the church after the sermon, on profession of faith. The services were continued until Thursday morning, Brothers Cooper and DeVault rendering valuable assistance.

On Monday we had a big rain storm. As half the top of the church was uncovered, and no windows in, nor doors, the congregation got a good wetting. But they stood their ground bravely and took the rain rather than miss the sermon. God blesses such people. Brother Cooper held an umbrella over me while I preached. At the close of the service three persons came forward and accepted Christ, one an old man of seventy years. As the nights were so dark and the roads dangerously bad in places we held two services by day light: at 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. A great majority of the people walked, many of them several miles, and most of them attended both services. All business except the greatest business was suspended and the people came to hear and believe God. God honored their faith and devotion, and gave them a great blessing.

On Wednesday morning, after the service, twenty-three persons came forward to accept Christ, many of them aged people, twenty of whom I baptized, having never before belonged to any church. It was a Pentecost indeed, and worth all the privations and hardships endured to share it and enjoy it. It was a rich compensation of God's love and

mercy bestowed on His poor mountain children, who had so faithfully worked for his glory. That day repaid amply all they had done and suffered in His blessed cause. Oh! that God would visit his older and richer churches with a portion of their zeal and their reward.

At the evening service, nine more united with the church, making thirty-two on that day. Engagements at Jackson compelled me to leave on Thursday morning, greatly to my regret. Fifty-six persons, almost all adults, had united with the church since Sunday, in four days. To God be all the glory.

On our way to Jackson, Thursday morning, at the urgent request of the people, we stopped and preached at 9 o'clock, in the little vacant log house on the head of Puncheon Camp creek. The house was literally packed, inside and outside, most of the men standing around the door.

After the sermon eighteen persons, some of them aged people and some of them bright children, came forward to profess their faith in Christ, most of whom were there baptized and added to the Middle Fork church. This extraordinary result was due largely to the faithful efforts of a poor and humble mountain boy, Lewis G. Hensley, who, for nearly a year, has, almost unaided, conducted a Sabbath school in this neighborhood—teaching sometimes one hundred pupils, many of them how to read, all of them how to love and serve God. These additions gave the church at Middle Fork one hundred and ninety members before it is a year old.

Truly, God's arm is not shortened, nor his ear heavy. His word is still true. "Every one that asketh receiveth." These people believe God and "all things are possible to him that believeth." It is a good church, composed of

the best people in the country, who love their church and "show their faith by their works." Their elder rode about one hundred miles on horseback to represent his church in the last meeting of Presbytery, while some could not come twenty on the cars.

On Thursday night I had the pleasure of preaching the opening sermon before the "Yearly Meeting" of our churches in the mountains, which met in the new and handsome church at Jackson. Nearly all the teachers of the common schools of the county, some sixty or more, were present. The Teachers' Institute had been in progress during the week, and had enjoyed the preaching of Brother Mickel, who came on Saturday from the church on the Frozen.

This is Bro. Little's home church, and is a noble tribute to God's liberal children throughout Kentucky, who have contributed to its erection. It is the first church building of any kind ever erected in this old county seat, and the first frame church ever built in this large and populous county. We organized this church two years ago, in the old court house. We began without a single member, the church has now over one hundred members. Then there were only two or three Presbyterians in the county, now there are nearly four hundred, with two large churches already built and work begun on the third.

The Presbyterians in Kentucky can here see the present result of their labor and liberality. God and eternity alone can measure the ultimate results.

Our yearly Meeting, which is a conference of brethren for Christian communion and discussion of vital practical questions of Christian life, continued until Sabbath. Quite

a number of brethren, some from distant churches, were present and took part in the discussions. A notice of this has already appeared in the *Observer*. Duties at home and the meeting of the Presbytery compelled me to leave on Saturday, much to my regret. I could only wish many, yea, all our weary brethren, overworked in the study and pastorate, could have shared with us the recreation, the privations, the privileges, the blessings of this mountain tour. The people would have been benefitted, God glorified, their bodies invigorated, and their souls refreshed. I preached every day, and came home stronger, happier and I hope better. Try it, dear brother.

BEAR CREEK.

That name is neither euphonious nor classical, but it is more. It is immortal. Like the annals of the poor its story is short and simple.

One mild September afternoon our horses carried us over a mountain, through an unbroken wilderness to the head of Bear Creek. Its waters divide "Bloody Breathitt" and classic Lee counties, Kentucky. Between wooded mountains it winds its narrow way to the middle fork of the Kentucky river, into which it empties its muddy waters several miles above the junction of the three rivers.

It lies in the "regions beyond;" beyond the railroads and turnpikes; beyond the blue grass and the brick houses; beyond the churches and the Sabbath schools.

The only road up Bear Creek is a devious path, probably not so good as when Daniel Boone killed bears and buffalos and Indians there a hundred years ago. The little "patches" of the settlers have pushed the path out of the narrow valley up on the mountain side in many places. But Bear Creek is in "the world"—the world into which we are sent. It is peopled with "creatures"—the creatures to whom we are sent to "preach the gospel."

The old log school house was crowded with people, inside and out, and it was as easy to preach to those outside as inside. Indeed, there was not much difference between the two sides.

They had no church. Few of them had ever seen one. They had no preacher. Few of them ever passed that way.

The people did not know very much; but they knew they were sinners and needed a Saviour; knew they must die, and wanted a better home than the cabins on Bear Creek. So I tried to tell them of both. It was not much trouble. I did not have to read it. The text was the healing of the leper (Mark I). It taught the hard doctrines of Calvinism, of our sin and ruin, and the glorious gospel of healing and life. They felt the disease, and saw the Great Physician, and followed the leper to His feet—sixteen of them.

It was Pentecost on Bear Creek. Old men and women, young men and maidens, and little children, sought His life-giving touch, and, I believe, received it. I baptized twelve of them; some of them were well stricken in years. There was joy on Bear Creek and in Heaven that night.

An humble log cabin near by furnished us shelter until next day. It was the home of two women, both of whose husbands had been murdered. Their house had only one room, but their hearts were four stories high.

At ten o'clock the next morning, and at four in the afternoon, I preached to the schoolhouse full of eager souls. Ten more gladly received Christ and were baptised. These, with twenty-three others, were duly organized into a Presbyterian church—the first Presbyterian church ever in Lee county. Two excellent men were made elders and one a deacon. They then gave enough of their little store to build a nice church, one man giving all the lumber for the house. One young man offered himself for the ministry of God's free grace. All praised God for his abounding mercy. Faithful James Little will preach the gospel to them regularly, and their church will be called the "Twin Creek Church," and will be built on that stream as more convenient for all the

congregation. It will be the first church built in all that region and the First Presbyterian church in Lee county.

This is part of the story of Bear Creek. The rest you will hear in heaven.

FROM HAZARD.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY.

To the Christian Observer:—

August 25, 1892.

A word from these "unexplored regions" may not be unwelcome to the *Observer* nor unwholesome to your readers.

It may serve the purpose of teaching one-half the world how the other half lives.

On the twenty-third of August I left my home for a visit to this place which is notorious in the bloody annals of the mountains as the capital of Perry county, and the seat of the desperate French-Eversole war.

The Kentucky Union railroad brought me to Jackson, the county seat of Breathitt county, one hundred miles southeast of Lexington. But a few years ago it took three days' hard riding to make this trip over the mountains.

Jackson is a demonstration of the gospel. No infidel can answer her argument. When I first visited the place some few years ago, there was not a church in the town or county. It was the scene of violence, and profanity, and drunkenness, and murder. An army of soldiers could not keep the peace. To-day there is not a more orderly, peaceable, prosperous

town in the State. The gospel did it. Now they have good churches, good preachers, teachers, homes, business houses, and a prosperous college with seven teachers.

It may not be amiss to add that the evangelistic work of the Presbyterian church wrought this change by the blessing of God.

Here at Jackson I found our young and energetic brother, Rev. W. O. Shoemaker, in charge of the church work, Dr. E. P. Mickel having been transferred to the college, for which he possesses rare qualifications.

But I must hasten on to Hazard. After one brief night at the new, handsome "Riverside Hotel" at Jackson (that hotel followed the gospel), a clever brother furnished me a saddle horse for the long overland journey. I preferred a better way, but was glad not to have to walk. The distance to Hazard is thirty-eight miles—mountain miles. There is a big difference between mountain miles and ordinary miles, and all the difference is in favor of the mountain kind.

I started at 6 A. M., for I had some experience in their length. Ten miles up the beautiful Kentucky river, between her palisades of paw-paws, and her colonnades of wild cucumber or wahoos, under the cool shadow of the mountains, was a delight.

I hardly saw a soul, save a few bare-footed, bare-headed children going to school with dinner baskets (but no books), filled with hard apples and "cowcumbers," as they called them. They were bright and happy, and not bothered with "much learning."

Ten miles above Jackson I came to the mouth of Troublesome, a large tributary of the river. Up Trouble-

some one mile my road turned up the Lost Creek, which is followed with much tribulation for nineteen miles.

I could not but think that all lost creeks and roads emptied into Troublesome. This is not the only time I got to Troublesome by the Lost Creek route.

I stopped at the postoffice at the mouth of Lost Creek to write a postal home to cheer them with the news of my safe arrival on Troublesome. There I met a brave Virginia Methodist preacher, McClure, who, on the Saturday before, preached in Squire Friley's blacksmith shop and four souls received Christ. I thought that shop was doing better service than some big fine churches I knew.

Just as I entered the mouth of Lost Creek I met an old friend, Judge Strong, who knew me when a youth in the army, and greeted me with the remark that he "had not seen me since we slept on a rail." Such a bed is apt to make an impression on a man.

The Judge said, "Troublesome was fifty-two miles long, and Lost Creek nineteen, and they are full of sinners to the head, and no church on either."

Let the Blue Grass people "look on this picture, then on that."

Several miles up the Lost Creek I stopped at a clever man's house to get my horse fed and a "bite" for myself. These mountain people are hospitable to a fault, and Gran. Noble was no exception. Fifteen cents is all he would take for man and beast, and a big musk melon thrown in. He and Mrs. Noble had eleven children, most of them grown, all well and hearty, and never had a doctor. This is a good place for health,

Here I met Mr. Nipper, generally called Mr. Napper, but he said his name was Napier. See how we get our names. Adam would not know his children—by name.

I travelled with Mr. Nipper-Napper up to the mouth of Ten Mile, and all the rest of my long journey alone with God and the mountains. Glorious company! We would all be better if we had such company oftener. What more elevating, ennobling, purifying, than the great mountains. And God! His company makes heaven. That was a glorious ride in such company.

The shadows of the great mountains were falling over the valleys when I crossed the mountain from Lost Creek to Lot's Creek and still Hazard was miles away.

Inquiries from the natives seemed to indicate that Hazard was travelling about as fast as I was. Only one bright youth of some sixteen summers, gave me comfort by assuring me that Hazard was "a right smart piece off." I found his answer correct, as I rode into the little mountain town at seven P. M., about as weary as my horse.

Hazard's size is entirely out of proportion to its reputation. No town of its size in the state has such a name. It is the synonym of violence and bloodshed. It is the seat of the French-Eversole war, in which some seventeen men were killed, and for four years all law was abolished. And, although the only town in Perry county, and the county seat, it consists of only a court house, jail, four stores and seventeen families. It lies in a narrow valley, surrounded by mountains, on the north fork of the Kentucky river.

There is no church or school house here, and never was. War was inevitable. Here I am trying to preach the gospel in the court house, and teach them a better way. Pray for us.

FROM THE REGIONS BEYOND.

ON THE TROUBLE SOME.

September 7, 1892.

I am so far out of the world I have never heard whether my former letter ever reached you (or the public), or not, but I will presume upon your goodness and give you another turn.

I am glad to have more and better news than I had before. On my arrival at Hazard, I soon found the only Presbyterian in the county and felt a little more at home. I also soon found two of our foreign missionaries, Brothers Mickel and Mott Sawyers. (The natives call us all "foreigners.") Bro. Mickel was teaching the County Teachers' Institute, and preaching between times. Bro. Sawyers had spent most of the summer here in the service of our Evangelistic Committee. He is the right man in the right place; earnest, energetic, sensible, devoted and not afraid of things, and knows everybody by name and where they live.

Though very weary after my long ride from Jackson, I preached that night in the court house. There was no where else to preach, for though the town and county are some seventy years old, there is neither church nor school house here and never was. No wonder it has such a bloody record of seven murders in one year, and seventeen in four years, and forty-six orphan children as the result of "the war" between the factions.

The congregation was not very large, for the town has only some seventeen families, and some of them do not go to church, and some are afraid to go at night. The prospect was about as cheerless, I thought, as Noah's experience before the flood. And when Bro. Mickel left us on Friday, only hope remained, and that a faint one. People unacquainted with such work have no conception of its difficulties. The people generally have no use for any religion, and less for our kind.

But God's word "stands sure," and we preached and pleaded His promises. He pitied and forgave our unbelief, and blessed His word. In one week we succeeded in organizing a Presbyterian church of thirty-eight members, with three elders and one deacon, and raised a subscription of over six hundred dollars to build a church. To God be all the glory, It was manifestly His work.

Judge Combs, the leading citizen and principal owner of the town and country, became a member on profession, and was made an elder. Dr. Wm. T. Wilson, the only original Presbyterian, was made another, and Jere. McIntosh the third. John B. Eversole, whose father, a leading lawyer, was murdered during "the war," was made deacon.

The notorious desperado, Tom Smith, who was confined in jail and under indictment for five murders, made a confession, which bore every evidence of sincerity, and in the dark dungeon filled with deeply interested worshipers, I baptized him and his wife, and a fellow prisoner, Finley Summers, charged with shooting, with intent to kill, Judge Combs, the county School Superintendent.

On Thursday morning I crossed the mountain beyond the river to Big Creek, where I preached until Saturday night,

in an open log school house to good congregations. Bro. Sawyers was always present, faithfully working in the vineyard.

Many difficulties had to be overcome or submitted to—no one to help us, few seats except rough rails, lights without chimneys and few of them, primeval singing, and a small choir with two books. But God prefers to conquer by few and gave them the victory. Some twenty-three confessed Christ, and most of them joined the Presbyterian church and received baptism, giving our church at Hazard some sixty members. We could have organized a church on Big Creek, but thought best to defer it. We met some fine people there and their hospitality received another illustration.

My good host had only one bed room, besides the kitchen, for his family and company, and he turned none away till there were seven of us people in one little room and no ventilation.

On Monday I left Big Creek for the Troublesome, a large tributary of the Kentucky river. Bro. Sawyers preceded me and preached there Sunday night.

I passed through Hazard and was glad to find our people in earnest about beginning their church. Judge Combs gave the nicest site in town, overlooking the valley and the village. They expect to begin to build this week. The ladies were at work to raise money for an organ. There is not one in this county. Twelve more mountain miles, through a pouring rain, brought me to the waters of Troublesome.

The so-called road from the head of Lot's creek to the mouth of Pigeon Roost, on Troublesome, is as bad as I ever remember and I have been travelling the road to Jordan a good while. The ascent to the summit of Pike's Peak is

better, to my personal knowledge. To make matters worse my faithful horse lost a shoe and the only man near my road could not shoe a horse. He only shod oxen. Take the other road when you come this way. This route is too rough and too lonesome. For miles I saw no house or human being, even the birds had fled the desolation and left the wilderness voiceless. To a man who loves company it was awful.

The only thing I heard in miles was the rattle of a cow bell; the only thing I saw was a lonesome log cabin, where the kitchen and dining room, family room, bed chamber, library and parlor, were all in one room, and that a little one.

A score of bare-headed, bare-footed children coming from school, announced the approach of civilization, and exhibited the jewels of the Octavias of the hills. Their hills may be barren but their homes are not. The birds may have flown, but the children are left.

This poor and sparsely settled county, where the people can only live along narrow valleys, has forty-seven school districts in it, and often one hundred children in a district. Here is the necessity and opportunity of the church and the Gospel.

This whole country is practically without either. No churches or Sabbath-schools, no competent preachers, for this great region full of souls.

It made my heart sick to behold them now, and contemplate them in the future, when their sorrowful years will outnumber the leaves in their vast, unbroken forests. Let the people of Kentucky be warned of their danger, and admonished of their duty to these perishing people. The curse of poverty and the desolation of sin are over them all. Without our help they must perish.

The evening brought me to the waters of the Troublesome. This is a large stream, over fifty miles in length, and one of the largest tributaries of the Upper Kentucky river. It passes through Knott, Perry and Breathitt counties. In all its long course there is only one (unfinished) church on it, and that is at Hindman, the county seat of Knott county.

I had not passed this way since a youth, when I followed the bold rider, John Morgan. What memories crowded upon my heart as I thought upon those vanished years! How changed the times, and men, and me! Following Morgan then; following Christ now! A soldier of the Confederacy then; a soldier of the Cross, now! Why should I complain of the march, bivouac, and the privations and the battle now, and endure it all so cheerfully then!

These were lessons from real life. And then, how different the cause; how glorious the conflict; how certain the victory now! A few more days on Troublesome and endless years in Paradise!

THE IVY PATCH.

BY REV. DR. E. O. GUERRANT.

It is said that Agassiz could give a full history of an unknown fish, from a single scale, or paint the picture of a prehistoric Saurian from his track in a rock.

Ivy Patch will answer for a scale or a track, from which the wise can estimate the character and size of the great work undertaken and accomplished by the Synod of Kentucky in its evangelistic work.

Two years ago two lone horsemen might have been seen riding, single file, up a little mountain stream in the wilds of Eastern Kentucky. They were soaking wet from a big rain, from which they could find no protection. They were hunting "the lost sheep" amid the fastnesses of the mountains. There were few houses, and they were small and humble. There was not a church in the county, and never had been one. They were evangelists of the Synod of Kentucky. A few of the hardy mountaineers forded the streams and crossed the hills to the little house of clever Matt. Bowman, on the head of Twin Creek. God came, too, over the mountains of our sins, and filled the place with his presence and power. Many souls were there born into His kingdom, who will one day stand on Mt. Zion. The generous mountaineer entertained nearly the whole congregation for two days, with bed and board, for the pouring rain prevented them from going home. The old log school house across the mountain, on the head of Bear Creek, furnished the nearest and only place of

public meeting. So with their little congregation, some few on horses, some on foot, and some carried in the arms, the evangelists crossed the mountain, through a primeval wilderness, to the settlement on Bear Creek. The old school house gave them a generous welcome with wide open doors and windows, and fire place, and chinks, and cracks.

It didn't hold the congregation, but they could hear as well outside as inside. Indeed, it was most outside. But God is "no respecter of persons," nor houses. And God came, and made that old log school house the very gate of heaven.

The first sermon was made the power to reach sixteen souls, among them the aged and young, who rejoiced in such a God and such a gospel. They lifted up their voices and wept for joy. You would have thought it was a Methodist meeting instead of a Presbyterian. God gave them the victory and they shouted at Bear Creek. God himself sometimes goes up with a shout, and the Lord will come down with it, Paul says. So "the daughters of Jerusalem" shouted at Bear Creek, and the Presbyterian evangelists did not confine their joys, nor hamper the simple manners of the children of the hills.

Shouting is not religion, but the religion that does not feel like shouting sometimes, needs mending badly. It isn't the Bear Creek kind, nor the Pentecostal kind.

When the harvest on Bear Creek was gathered, the evangelists took up their congregation and crossed over to the Ivy Patch, a companion of Bear Creek, which flows into the middle fork of the Kentucky river, in Lee county. Here there was not even a ventilated school house they could use, so the widow Farmer opened her heart and her double log

cabin to the strange preachers and the whole congregation. The same God who found Paul when he was lost in the stormy Adriatic, found His children on the Ivy Patch, and gave them many souls from the shipwreck of sin. Here the first Presbyterian church in Lee county, Kentucky, was organized, with over forty members and three good officers. This is the beginning of the history of Ivy Patch. It will be finished in glory.

This was two years ago. On the third Sabbath of July, 1891, a large congregation of earnest worshipers, many of whom walked miles in the rain, assembled in a new church on the Twin Creek, just over the hill from Ivy Patch. This is the Ivy Patch church, and was built here because of the junction of waters and ways.

Two evangelists were present, with other faithful servants, who labored in word and doctrine. It was a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving. God had again visited his people. He is the God of the hills, as well as the valleys.

The new church was dedicated free of debt, five more officers elected and ordained, forty-eight new members added to the church, and God's name glorified, and His grace magnified.

Two years ago, and there was not a Presbyterian church in Lee county, now there are three, and this is the first. Two years ago, and there was not a Presbyterian preacher in Lee county—there were five at the dedication of the Ivy Patch church. Two years ago there were not a dozen members of the Presbyterian church in Lee county, now there are two regular preachers, three churches organized, and some 125 members. Rev. James M. Little is pastor of this church, a son of the soil, and every inch a man, and he is ably sup-

ported by as true and earnest a body of officers as rule any church in the land.

In Rev. E. P. Mickel, and Rev. Alex. Henry, and Rev. A. P. Gregory, he has faithful and effective helpers in neighboring fields.

This is a brief outline of the church organized on the Ivy Patch. It is only a sample. God has ever multiplied the tokens of his favor on this work. No other portion of His vineyard has enjoyed such signal displays of His divine approbation.

If the Synod of Kentucky had done nothing more than extend the kingdom of heaven into these mountain fastnesses, it has earned the gratitude of men, and reaped the favor of God, and deserves an humble place among the sons of the mighty, who battle for the Lord. To Him be all the glory.

ON THE GRAPEVINE.

THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY.

July, 1894.

Dear Mr. Converse:—You may not get many letters from the mountains, so I thought I would write you one. Papa promised to take me with him the next time he went to the mountains to preach, so we started on the 10th of July, and at Lexington took the Kentucky Union railroad for the mountains. We went one hundred miles to Jackson, in Breathitt county. The road went up the Red river, where the big cliffs stand up on both sides of the road, hundreds of feet high. Many of the mountains have rocks on top like domes, bigger than a church. They were grand. The river was lined with beautiful flowers of ivy and laurel.

I saw some men cutting oats with a big scythe, with fingers on it; papa said they were “cradling.” That was curious to me. One big tree was growing on the top of a big rock. About six o’clock in the evening we reached Jackson, on the north fork of the Kentucky river. It is a very nice town, and we have a church and college there, where they had none a few years ago.

On Wednesday morning we started for the big mountains in Perry county. Mr. Chas. Little, papa’s friend, went along with us, and took his niece, Miss Kate Patrick, to help sing. He had two buggies; we rode in one and they in the other. Papa brought a little Estey organ and we tied it on behind our wagon.

We went up the Kentucky river ten miles to the mouth of Troublesome Creek. Here we got into trouble enough. We had to get out and help the wagon down the rocky stair-steps in the road. We went up Troublesome a mile, and then went up Lost Creek ten miles, and the man there said, there were ten thousand big saw logs in that creek. I never saw the like. The little houses all had martin boxes, but no yard nor shade.

Down on Troublesome we saw some ladies bare-footed, and one old lady had shoes on but no stockings, and one had on a dress shorter than mine. I guess she must have been an old maid.

The mountains were very steep, but had corn growing on their sides nearly to the top. They can't plow them up and down, but crossways. We saw coal mines all along the road; just sticking out of the mountains. Sometimes we rode over solid coal beds; and the biggest trees I ever saw grow along the creeks and rivers. They are awfully big. We saw a little boy who had only a shirt on, and most of the men were bare-footed, but they were very clever.

When we went ten miles up Lost Creek we turned up a creek called "Ten Mile" creek. Well, it was awful. I thought we had passed bad roads, but we were just beginning them. Three men went along to cut trees and roll logs and rocks out of the road. And such a road! over big rocks and logs and steep banks, and deep holes and around splash-dams. I thought our buggy would be smashed all to pieces. The horse pulled one trace in two, and a big rock broke a spoke out of the buggy. Sometimes we had to walk and climb. When we rode over the rocks we couldn't keep our hats on. Sometimes I bumped papa and sometimes he

bumped me. It was too funny. Papa got a man to lead the horse around a big tree on the mountatin while he and another man held the buggy. The horse got strangled and the man cried out, "Here's a dead horse," and scared me nearly to death. But they got the horse up and we went on over a mountain to the Grapevine creek. Here we had a time getting down the mountain, the path was so steep and sideling. Mr. Little's horse went over the mountain side; he jerked him back and he fell down with the buggy on him. Papa and some men helped take him out, and then the buggy ran away down the mountain and broke the shaft. Then they all took our horse out and got the buggy down to the foot of the mountain by the hardest work.

Papa said this was my vacation trip. I think it was. I never saw as much in my life. The day seemed a week long. The road down the Grapevine was no road at all. Mr. Little and papa had to walk and lead and roll the big logs out of the way. It took us five hours to go seven miles. We got to the mouth of Grapevine about dark—twenty-seven miles by the road we came, and about forty by the river, above Jackson. Papa had a friend living there named Dr. Wilson, but we could not get our buggies to his house so we crossed the river and stayed at Mr. Tom Johnston's. They are very clever people, indeed. Papa and Mr. Little went over the river and staid at Dr. Wilson's.

Mr. Sawyers, our missionary, was there. Papa is preaching in the little schoolhouse on the bank of the river, and it is crowded at 10 A. M. and 4 p. m. Miss Kate Patrick and I play the little organ, the first one ever played in the county for worship. Emma Johnston has the only one in the county. The people are very clever and attentive, and most of them

walk to church. About twenty-five have joined, and Mr. Johnston was the first one, and one old man nearly seventy, and one real pretty little girl named Dora Duff. Mr. Johnston is a leading man in the country, and lives in the only brick house.

We went swimming in the river one evening; it was about a foot deep, and we had lots of fun. It is very cool and so quiet in these mountains. You can see but a little way. So many big trees and high mountains. Sunday we are going to take dinner to church and have an all-day meeting. Next week we are going to Hazard, the only town in Perry county. They say the road up Campbell's Creek and down "Forked-mouth" Creek is worse than Ten Mile and Grapevine. I pity it if it is. But I guess we will go it. Papa is going to preach on Big Creek next week. When you get tired and want a vacation, come to Grapevine and preach. The people will be glad to hear you. They are clever as they can be. Good-bye.

Your little friend,

HAZARD, Ky.

GRACE GUERRANT.

TO BIG CREEK.

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY.

Jackson, Breathitt County, Ky., July 25, 1894.

My last letter brought you to the mouth of the Grape-vine creek. Well, we had a big meeting there Sunday, from 10 A. M. till 5 P. M., two hours for dinner. There was a crowd; the school house was packed, and it was so hot that I could hardly get my breath. Papa preached morning and evening; thirty-five joined, and he had to baptize most of them, as they had never been baptized. Some people had to stand out in the rain. Monday morning we bade all good-bye, and started to Big creek. The roads were worse and worse. One clever man went along to hold the buggy. We went up the Kentucky river, and then up Campbell's creek and across an awful mountain to Forked Mouth Creek, O, me! A bad boy would say it was "forked lightning." We got down it alive, by walking, and climbing, and leading, and holding the buggies. The mountains and rocks just covered up the road entirely. We passed a little school house, and all the children ran out to see the buggies; they were curiosities to them. One little boy said he lived on a creek, but didn't know its name. He saw big rattlesnakes up there, too. One funny man was riding an ox, and had a bed quilt for a saddle, and bark for his girth. Another man had an ox geared up like a horse, and was ploughing him. One old lady was carrying her baby, and a little pig was following her like a dog. When she stopped, it lay down at her

feet. One little house had a long pole put up in the yard and three bottles hung on its top for ornaments. There were no trees in the yard. One lady had a little naked tree full of egg shells, like a snow-ball bush. It was funny to me.

Well, after a hard journey over mountains and some more creeks, we reached Big creek. Papa had been there before, and the good people came up the road to meet us. I never saw cleverer people, though they are not rich, nor proud: Kate and I stayed at Mr. Fields', up on Big creek, and Mr. Little and papa had to stay down at Mr. Wiley Couch's, as there was not room for us all at one house. Papa preached in the school house four days, and twenty-seven joined the church. He organized a church there. We met some nice girls at Big Creek. One of them told us she could sing twice as loud as we could, and I believe it. We went fishing, and caught some nice fish and ate them. The people were so clever, we enjoyed our visit there. The little deaf boy who joined the church before was there; he is a smart boy, and can talk a little. He is going to the Institute at Danville. His name is Willie Fugate.

On Friday evening we crossed the mountain and went to Hazard, the county seat. It is a little town of about one hundred people. It used to have a bad name, because so many people were killed there. It is better now. The Methodist church is not quite done, and ours is just begun. The river runs between the town and the mountains. They never had a church here before. Papa preached in the Court House. Many people came to church, and twenty-three joined. He preached in the jail one day and three poor prisoners joined. It was an awful place, and I felt sorry for them. The doors were iron bars, and big bolts and locks to

hold them safe. A mountain preacher came to church, and he had been shot in the ear by some bad men. They said he killed their hogs. A big freshet came down the river and carried away hundreds of big saw logs. They said a water-spout broke on a creek called "Kingdom Come."

We walked up the river one day, and met two men carrying 100 fishes, called red horses. They were very pretty. We climbed to the very top of a big mountain with Mr. Sawyers, and he said we could see the Cumberland mountains away off. There were some Indian graves up there. The mountains were covered with trees broken down by the big snow in May. On Tuesday morning Papa preached at Hazard the last time, and we started, after dinner, to Jackson, forty miles away, over the mountains. I forgot to say, Kate and I stayed at Mr. Davis' at Hazard, and they treated us so nicely. Papa and Mr. Little staid at Mr. Robert Combs'. They have no regular hotel at Hazard. Somebody burned the hotel up a year ago.

We drove twenty miles Tuesday evening down the river, up Lot's creek, and down Lost creek to Mr. Watts', which we reached about dark. The road was pretty bad. We were almost turned over in Lost creek once in a big hole full of big rocks. Mr. Little's harness kept breaking until he tied it with wire. One clever old lady said I looked the "naturalist." I do'nt know what she meant. May be she thought I favored Papa. When we played the organ they wondered why we worked our feet. They couldn't understand it. But they are clever as they can be, and one of them told Papa that they were poor, but their souls were worth as much as rich people's. We saw no churches, and met few preachers, and they were not educated. Mr. Sawyers and Mr. Shock-

ley are doing good work preaching to them at Hazard, and in the country. We got up at 4 o'clock this morning and started to Jackson at 6, and by hard driving reached here at 12.

So our long journey over the mountains is ended, and we are alive. Papa will preach here to night, and to morrow we go 100 miles to Lexington, on the railroad, and home to dinner. "There's no place like home." Good-bye. Your friend,

GRACE GUERRANT.

P. S. — I guess I will have to add a postscript. I must say that I could never have gotten along without Katie Patrick. She was so nice, and such good company, and played and sang so sweetly. She played every evening, and I played in the mornings. Papa says he could never have made this trip without Mr. Little ; he did everything to get us along safely. We are now stopping at his nice "River Side" home at Jackson. Well, I am glad I came. I never saw so much before. Papa says I will have "experience to sell." I think I will.

Yours,

GRACE GUERRANT.

THE LUCKY THIRTEEN.

OR THE LADIES' EXCURSION.

They did not go to Niagara, or Old Point Comfort, or Detroit ; or for fun, or health, or fashion.

This excursion party was composed of the Ladies' Working Society of the Wilmore church, Kentucky, and went to see and encourage and help their poor brethren in the mountains. Like Paul's party of old, they "took up their carriages" and went to worship in the humble temples of the mountaineers. Thirteen ladies going on an excursion without a single trunk, was a "wonder to behold."

So they went with only such baggage as they could carry in their hands. It was the first, and so far as I know, the only excursion of the kind. They went over the new and beautiful route of the Kentucky Union R. R., from Lexington, which penetrates the heart of the Kentucky mountains. They took a preacher along to be certain of having preaching. This was a new feature of excursion parties.

Their first stop was at Stanton, the quiet, cosy capital of Powell county, in the beautiful valley of the Red river. Here Rev. Andrew Irvine presided over the first and only Presbyterian church ever built in the county, and it is yet in its infancy. He and his good people gave the excursionists a royal welcome—a sumptuous supper and a sermon in the little new church. Here the ladies spent a day making the acquaintance of their sisters and brethren, and enjoying the

sights of the pretty mountain village, and encouraging the little church with the assurance of brotherly love and sympathy.

From Stanton they went up the romantic Red river, through one continuous canon of overhanging cliffs, and under a mountain to the Kentucky river, thence down the river to Beattyville, the county seat of Lee, on her seven hills, overlooking the three forks of the river. Here they arrived at 6 P. M., and at 8 P. M. had another sermon from their preacher, in the court house. Rev. Alexander Henry, the pastor of the first Presbyterian church in the city, received them most cordially, with his people and entertained them until the next evening. During the day they saw the sights of the Gate City of the mountains, visited many of the church members, enjoyed their Christian hospitality, rejoiced with them over their new church being built. At 4 P. M. they resumed their journey by boat and rail to Athol, on the border of "Bloody Breathitt"—no longer bloody, but blessed with the blood bought salvation of Jesus. Here they spent the Sabbath, most of it, in the little new church, the first Presbyterian church ever built in Lee county, and which they had helped to build with their needles.

At 11 A. M. their preacher preached the dedication sermon. The house was filled with eager listeners, most all of whom had walked for miles through the rain and mud.

There was not a wheeled vehicle at the church, and but few horses. The earnest people prized the Gospel enough to walk many miles to hear it. And they were not tired out with the sermon, but spread a bountiful dinner, fed all the multitude, and listened to another sermon from Bro. Mickel, and the election and ordination of some new officers.

The excursionists enlarged their liberality and paid off the debt on the little church—and laid up more treasures in heaven—and rejoiced that the “poor have the Gospel preached to them.” Probably they never spent a more pleasant or profitable day than that under the shadow of the mountains, in the little church on the Twin Creek.

You don’t wonder that “God came down to see,” and was so pleased that he added forty-eight souls to the church that week, and forty-eight jewels to the Redeemer’s crown, and forty-eight reasons for rejoicing on earth and in heaven.

After thanking God for what they had seen and felt of his abounding goodness, and learning something of the great needs of their poor brethren in the mountains, and being watered themselves, while watering other thirsty spirits, the ladies went on to Jackson, the growing capital of Breathitt county.

They reached the little mountain city about 7 P. M., and at 8 o’clock all went to church again, where their preacher preached in the Presbyterian church to a crowded house, the first church ever built in the town or county, now with plenty of company, and hundreds of earnest Presbyterians where there were none.

The good people of Jackson (and there are none better) received them in their homes and hearts, showed them their handsome court house, their new Presbyterian college, (the first college in the mountains of Kentucky) and their many commodious stores and comfortable homes.

So ended the excursion of the happy thirteen, the first Gospel excursion to the poor brethren in the mountains. It would be difficult to tell whether they received or commun-

icated the greater good. God blesses both the giver and the receiver.

To Brothers James M. Little, E. P. Mickel, A. P. Gregory, J. J. Dickey, Alex. Henry and Andrew Irvine and their generous and hospitable people, both Presbyterians and others, they will ever be grateful for their great kindness. Thirteen warm hearts and happy homes in the "blue grass" extend to them all a cordial Kentucky Christian welcome.

"God be with you till we meet again."

PUNCHEON CAMP.

Jesus made many humble names immortal. I was present when he touched Puncheon Camp and eternalized this little mountain stream, in the annals of heaven. It was on this wise :

Once on a preaching tour through the mountains, an humble unlettered young man joined the church. Among a hundred others he made no impression on me, unless it was by his homeliness. He was so ill-favored that one would not forget him ; though that would not recommend him to a very favorable consideration. On a subsequent visit, he met me at the church on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky river, and urged me to visit his Sunday-school on Puncheon Camp. I was astonished that he had a Sunday-school anywhere, especially on Puncheon Camp.

It was several miles from where he worked, (as a hired hand) among a sparsely settled people, in a narrow valley between big mountains. I had no spare time to visit his

school, but he urged so persistently I promised to stop on the Puncheon Camp at 9 o'clock Thursday morning on my way to Jackson, and preach to his Sunday-school. It was my only chance. I could hardly believe that a Sunday-school could be gathered at 9 o'clock on a week day, out of those wild, rough mountains. I did not know the man. It was blazing hot I came near having a sun stroke as I crossed the mountain at the head of Puncheon Camp, though I started early. By 9 o'clock I came in sight of the old deserted Gabbard house, where the Sunday-school was taught. There was no other place to teach on that mountain creek. Imagine my astonishment when I saw an anxious crowd of men, women and children filling the house, porch and yard at 9 o'clock in the morning. They had climbed the mountains, and crossed the streams on foot, to hear the Gospel.

My friend was there and made a place big enough for me to stand in a crowd that filled every inch of space both inside and outside the house. His equipment for the Sabbath-school consisted of one small copy of Gospel Hymns ("words only") and a small ten cent Testament. Out of these he taught the Puncheon Campers to sing and love Jesus. He led the singing and I preached. It was no trouble. A man couldn't help preach then and there. A hundred earnest, eager, hungry people sitting on the floor and porches of a mountain cabin, would make the dumb speak, and the stones cry out if others were silent.

The poor untutored lad who had spelled out the story of Jesus love to the simple mountain folk, had sowed the seed of the Kingdom, I watered it, and God "gave the increase." I don't remember the sermon, but I do remember that when I was done, eighteen souls, some stricken in years, some in

the dew of youth, came forward to say they believed on Jesus and rejoiced in a new found hope of everlasting life.

It was not far from there to Heaven that day, for God makes Heaven and He was there. His finger touched their eyes, and they wept tears of penitential grief; touched their hearts, and they opened them to the foot-steps of the King; touched their lips, and they "rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Jesus immortalized Puncheon Camp with His presence that day, and enrolled its name among the trophies of His grace.

The humble name of Lewis Hensley may never pass the narrow horizon of his mountain home, but it is known and honored in Heaven, and will outlast and outshine the names of all earth's conquerors who never knew and loved the lowly Nazarene.

He was a soul winner.

FROM THE QUICKSAND.

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY.

Mouth of Hunting Creek, On the Quicksand Fork }
of Kentucky River, August 5, 1895. }

Dear Observer:—It has probably been some time since you had a letter from this neighborhood. And as all the world's akin, I will tell you something about your kinfolk on the Quicksand.

On Tuesday, July 23rd, I started to these wild mountains to try and help them to a better country, even a heavenly. This Quicksand river is seventy-five miles long, and not a church building on it, one postoffice, I believe, and not a Presbyterian. I brought a large tent along to preach under, and a little organ to do the singing. Brother Bartlett Converse's little daughter, Ellen, and my own little Annie came along to help the organ.

Soon after leaving Lexington it began to rain, and poured down all the hundred miles to Jackson, in "Bloody Breathitt" county, on the upper Kentucky river. We expected to leave Jackson early Wednesday morning for the Quicksand, but it rained all day. Did you ever see it rain in the mountains? It does it so easily, and so naturally, and so persistently. It just rained, and rained, and rained until dinner, and then rained and rained until dark, and we just waited and wished and wondered if it would ever quit. It was Wednesday, and Brother Shewmaker's prayer meeting runs "rain or shine," and at 8 P. M. a big congregation waded to our church, and I preached with pleasure to such people.

It rained itself out that night, and next morning we all started for the Quicksand in a two-horse jolt wagon drawn by two big mules. It was filled with the big tent and little organ and the happy girls, and two young men, Harry Cock-erham and Elias Moore, fine mountain boys, who expect to be preachers and go along to help. With the baggage and preacher and driver a pretty good load for an ugly bad road.

THE ROAD AND THE COUNTY.

Our destination was up the river, but we had to go down it to go up. These mountain roads are sometimes past finding out. So we went down the river to the mouth of Miller's Creek and into its mouth and came out at its head on a big rocky mountain that jolted us all out of the wagon. Over the mountain we fell on the head of Roark's branch and went down to its mouth at the Quicksand river, now swollen and rapid and filled with floating sawlogs and rafts and flat boats.

We went up the Quicksand to the mouth of Hounshell's branch and up to its head over another awful mountain road —after we had eaten a cold lunch to give us strength for the health lift. Over this mountain we fell on the Meat Scaffold, a peculiar creek, which led us back to the Quicksand again. Then up the Quicksand, over another little mountain, we found our destination at the mouth of Hunting Creek. And here we are, with three little houses and two little stores and eleven little children, not counting lots of little pigs, etc., but not one Presbyterian in all the land.

The little houses are "scrouged in" between the foot of the steep mountain and the bank of the rapid river. It is out of the house into the road, and out of the road into the river. So the children must either climb or swim or have no

fun. There was another room in town, but a big rock rolled down the mountain and knocked it out.

I forgot to mention the little schoolhouse which stands, one foot on land and one on water. But a man had rented it for a saloon for apple brandy. (Unfortunately there is a big crop of apples here this summer.) But the enterprising people, not to be outdone, opened up the school in a coal shed, and here Miss Martha Smith teaches the urchins of the Quicksand; and she does it well, if it is in a coal house six by twelve.

We reached here about 3 P. M., and at once set to work to pitch the big tent. With the help of some clever mountain boys and men we got it up by dark on the only level spot big enough near here. It stands on a rocky table, at the foot of the mountain, fifty feet above the stream, surrounded by big ancient beech and oak trees—a place known as “Beech Flat,” where the Quicksanders cast their Democratic and other votes. Clever Nathan Sallee, the storekeeper, opened his heart and his house and gave us a genuine Kentucky mountain welcome—and there is no warmer or bigger this side of heaven. And here the little girls and I are staying, thankful for a place with such good people—richer in grace than goods, and with hearts bigger than their house. The boys are equally happy in the home of Charley Minnix, half a mile down the stream.

You don’t know what memories stir an old soldier’s heart when I remember that thirty-three years ago a boy rode down this same wild river road on his way to the Southern army. And how the sad recollection of those vanished years is deepened by the cause that was lost, and the lives that have perished. Only one of my companions on that long

journey lives to remember the Hunting Creek and the Quicksand and the Troublesome. May we not hope they have pitched their tents forever beyond the Quicksands and Troublesomes where we are camping to-day?

This country has changed much for the better since then. It has been but a few years since the Sallees had to take refuge in the mountains from violent men. The "old lady" told me she had seen thirty men in one big fight here. The hanging of "bad Tom" Smith at Jackson last month has helped things considerably. He had murdered seven men, and his execution will have a salutary effect. I preached to him at Hazard, two years ago, and he promised to do better, but forgot his promise and professions when he got out of jail. Death bed repentances are not to be relied on.

On Friday morning we began our meeting. "Old Uncle Jimmie" Williams sat on the front plank, and seconded my remarks, and sometimes added a few of his own. As "Uncle Jimmie" was an old orthodox hardshell Baptist, we got along without breaking up the meeting. At 2:30 P. M., I preached again, and so every day since, for ten days—at 10 A. M. and 2:30 P. M. The bad roads, the long ways, some bad folks and rattlesnakes, which travel at night, make the day services preferable.

Though the roads were bad and the narrow valleys thinly settled, the people came in goodly numbers during the week, and crowded the big tabernacle on Sunday, with lots of babies and dogs to spare.

The services began at 10 A. M., sometimes earlier, and continued until 4 P. M., generally, with a big recess for dinner. The patience of these people was as wonderful as the perseverance of the preacher, but they came to learn, and

he was sent to teach, and both loved their business. On Saturday the services continued from 10 A. M. till 5 P. M., and none left or complained. And many had nothing to eat from early breakfast to a late supper. Such people deserve better treatment than they get.

It is proper to say the preacher did not speak from 10 A. M. till 5 P. M., for much time was given to prayer and singing, and examining persons seeking salvation, and baptizing twenty-three believers. Some of them were gray-haired men, and others bright boys and girls.

During these daily services I took opportunity to put a New Testament in the hand of every one who had none. I was sorry to see how many had no Bible—hundreds of them—and glad to see how eagerly they sought and read them. Two hundred copies of the *Observer* went into the hands and homes that never saw a religious newspaper, and hundreds of tracts and other good reading were gladly received.

One old lady said to me: “Little Benny reads his Testament all the time, and believes in it awfully.” The ignorance of Scripture in some cases is most deplorable. One young woman, twenty-three years old, did not know who Jesus was, though she thought she had heard of him. Is not this a reproach on our churches in Kentucky?—people perishing at our doors who never heard of a Saviour! May such reproach soon cease.

ORGANIZING A CHURCH.

The Sabbath sun rose clear and cloudless; after the big fog lifted itself from the deep valleys, and the people began to gather by 8 o'clock, and by 10 A. M. we had to enlarge the seating capacity of the tent. Hundreds came, some from other counties, and many walking long distances. The serv-

ices began at 9 A. M. with a Sabbath School, the first probably ever organized on this river.

A large number of young people were taught by Messrs. Cockerham and Moore, assisted by Ellen and Annie, our musicians, together with some good home talent.

At 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. I preached. Several persons received Christ and I baptized some twelve more--one man seventy-eight years of age. After the service we organized a Presbyterian church, with fifty-two members. Four excellent men, the leading men for character and influence on the river, were elected, ordained and installed to be ruling elders, after the distinctive doctrines of the Presbyterian church had been stated and explained. On Saturday I had preached on baptism; everybody here has been taught to believe that immersion is scriptural baptism, and about all of religion. Some fifty-two out of fifty-four who accepted Christ were well enough satisfied to enter the Presbyterian church. Enough money and work were subscribed to insure the building of a church on the site the big tent occupied, dorated by a generous member. This is a large subscription (\$350) for people who are very poor in this world's goods, who seldom handle money. Arrangements were made to continue their Sabbath school regularly, and also to supply the church temporarily with preaching of the gospel. My time and strength being both exhausted, I was compelled to close the meeting, which I did most reluctantly.

The people earnestly desired it might continue. One bright lad who gave his heart to God wanted it to go on five months. But only in heaven--

Congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

So we quietly folded the big tent and the little organ, and on Monday morning bade the warm-hearted mountaineers good-bye, and took the wagon over the hills and rocks toward our home.

This is the brief history of the organization of the Rousseau Presbyterian church on the Quicksand.

Its excellent elders are: Nimrod McIntosh, Charles W. Minnix, Nathan H. Sallee and Green Hensley—all men of age, of sobriety and of good report.

“Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give glory for thy mercy, and for thy truth’s sake.”

On Sunday, Oct. 11, 1896, I dedicated the new church here, a beautiful house—the first ever built on this river. Rev. J. M. Little and Rev. Robt. A. Walton were present and rendered valuable assistance.

FROM THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

Whitesburg, Letcher County, }
Kentucky, May, 1896. }

By direction of Presbytery I came here to try to organize a church. Though this town is in Kentucky, the best way for us to reach it is through Virginia.

So, to avoid riding eighty miles over the mountains from Jackson, Kentucky, I concluded to ride thirty from Big Stone Gap, Virginia.

I left my home on Monday morning and came by rail to Cumberland Gap, where I spent the night with clever Charley Fulkerson at his big hotel in Middlesborough. Here I met brother Henry Miller and family, all well and at work.

Was glad to see signs of returning prosperity to this phenomenal, boomed town, and to know how courageously our church has weathered the financial storm.

Tuesday morning, I took the 5 A. M. train for the "Double Tunnel" at Gilly, near Big Stone Gap, Virginia, and seventy miles above Cumberland Gap.

Here, at 9 A. M., I took a horse for Whitesburg, Letcher county, Kentucky. My travelling companion and guide, was "Billy" Vermillion, on a little mule.

Our route lay up Callahan Fork of Powell river, some ten miles, between the mountains, to the big coke ovens and coal mines at Pioneer, a new settlement at the foot of the Big Black Mountain, the highest range of the Cumberland, which here divides Virginia from Kentucky.

On our way up Callahan, Billy showed me where a big

rock had mashed three men and they had to "rake them up," when they got the rock off, by blasting it. I thought of that day when men will "call upon the rocks and mountains to fall upon them."

We found the Big Black Mountain well named. It was both big and black.

The forests at the foot were green with spring foliage, but on top the mountain was dark and naked as winter, though the soil is a rich black loam out of which grow giants of the forest, immense sugar trees, oak, walnut, poplar, chestnut, etc.

We rested our exhausted horses on top of the big mountain, and lay down on a carpet of beautiful blue grass, under the biggest sugar trees I ever saw. It looked strange to see such a growth on top of such a mountain, thousands of feet high.

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between."

I am not sure that Jordan was any harder road to travel than up the "Big Black." It is probably the same road.

Here lives old Dan Richmond, a former slave of General Jonathan Richmond near Big Stone Gap. He owns a big farm on top of this mountain, (said to be the best in the county), and here has raised blue grass, Indian corn and a decent family, in spite of the frost and the bears.

Everywhere beautiful wild flowers redeemed the desolation of the wilderness, recalling that beautiful verse in Gray's *Elegy*,

“ Full many a gem of purest rays serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

And I could not help thinking how many immortal flowers were left uncared for and unsaved in these wild, waste mountains. I saw them everywhere.

I met a bare-headed, bare-footed girl, with a beautiful face and form, carrying a big bucket of water to an humble cabin home. These great mountains are filled with these immortelles, who must live somewhere, when even their hoary hills are passed away.

To save them God gave His Son and the church should give her sons and her treasures.

The trail led us down the Black Mountain, as nearly perpendicular as a man could walk or a mule could slide. At the foot we struck the head waters of the Poor Fork of Cumberland river. (These people have a genius for giving appropriate names.)

Here we stopped to rest and feed our horses at Wils. Hawleys (or Sturgills,) who keeps his hogs belled and sells his corn at 50 cts., a bushel.

A man was plowing on the mountain, with a big pistol buckled around him. He was probably expecting a revenue officer. We explained that we were not in that “ service.”

A few miles down one fork and up another brought us to the Cumberland Mountain, (also called Pine and Laurel mountain.) It ought to be called also Stone Mountain for it is a mass of stones from top to bottom. While not quite so big as Big Black, it is big enough, and bad to climb on account of the multitude of stones which fill the narrow gully, that is called a road.

I once rode a mule to the top of Pike's Peak and I don't know which is the worse road.

At the foot of Pine Mountain we came upon the Cowan branch of the Kentucky river, and crossing another mountain we reached Whitesburg about sundown, sore, tired and with the headache.

Am glad I am alive. I found Whitesburg but little changed since I was here in the army over thirty years ago.

It is the same little village of one narrow, dusty street, some two dozen houses and about a hundred people, in a narrow valley on the headwaters of the Kentucky river, within eight miles of the Virginia state line which is on top of the Cumberland mountains.

Though it is more than fifty years old it has no church, or academy, or tailor, saddler, shoemaker, or blacksmith, one doctor and no dentist.

It seems to have grown only in years. I have found only two men here whom I knew in the army. The legions of brave men I once saw here have struck their tents and crossed over the river to rest. "Caudill's Army" and "Marshall's Men" have followed their captains to the great review of the "Grand Army" of the "Lord of Hosts."

There was no place to preach but in a little old court house, which our Baptist and Methodist brethren have used for half a century. Brother Deggendorf, of the Louisville seminary and two Mormon elders from Salt Lake City, occupied the pulpit on Sunday, one in the morning and two at night.

We explained that we were not of the same faith.

I preached on Tuesday night in the little court house to a few dozen people. The people of this country are of the

Hardshell Baptist persuasion, though some are getting softer than others. There is one small Southern Methodist church in the county, and one lone Presbyterian member of the Northern persuasion, five miles from town.

We felt somewhat lonesome here. But the Lord had promised to go with us "to the end of the world," and as we had reached that place we claimed that promise.

On Wednesday morning I preached to two women, six children and eight men. It was hard work. Twice every day since, we have been trying to pull up "the steepest place on the hill of Zion" I ever found.

The congregations increased until the little court house was uncomfortably filled.

On Thursday the presiding elder and circuit rider of the Methodist church arrived to hold their quarterly meeting.

I knew nothing of their coming, nor they of mine. We found them both earnest, good men and divided the time until the next Tuesday. On Sunday we celebrated the communion and ten people sat down to the table and two of them were from a distance.

Only ten in a court house full! It was inexpressibly sad. I had never seen the like before. There are not a dozen members of all churches in this town.

Our Methodist brother was a good singer, though some of his preaching was "advanced" beyond anything I have ever found in the Bible. It probably suited some "new women," and others with new "views."

But I am a married man, and have learned to modestly differ from people that I love. So we differed, and loved, I hope. (I ought to say my wife is not a "new woman" though she is not old.)

I preached twice daily to growing congregations until Thursday night.

The Mormons returned the day the Methodist brother left. I didn't divide the time with them though they are great ladies men.

They listened and scattered their literature about town. So the tares and the wheat are still sown together and are growing together.

Thank God for the wheat. Not much of it has been sown here.

On Thursday morning I preached on the distinctive doctrines of the Presbyterian church, including the mode of baptism, which is the distinguished and distinguishing doctrine up here.

The court house was crowded and they listened an hour and a half, and expressed themselves satisfied; (probably with the length, though some Baptists agreed with us and united with us.)

During the week, in spite of serious obstacles and interruptions, some eighteen persons publicly confessed their faith in Christ.

I appointed Thursday evening as the time for the organization of the first Presbyterian church of the county. Just before the hour, Dr. Witherspoon gladdened our hearts by riding up. He had ridden across the mountains from Big Stone Gap.

I always esteemed the doctor very highly; but the man who crosses the Big Black twice to preach the gospel here, has my profoundest admiration. He has it, and deserves it (though he went back another way.)

His coming was most providential, for my engagements

at home compelled me to leave the next morning. He will remain until next week.

We organized the church in the presence of the court house crowded to the windows, with an eager and curious congregation. Of the eighteen persons who expressed a hope of salvation, thirteen cast their lot with the Presbyterian church, and eight of these I baptised. The church was then duly organized, with Mr. J. W. Adams for ruling elder, and Mr. J. H. Gibson for deacon; both excellent men. A number of others expressed their purpose of joining our church, and a liberal subscription had been made to erect a nice house of worship on a lot presented to us.

These hardy mountaineers are among the finest specimens of manhood, with strong minds and bodies; and only need conversion and culture to make them fine specimens of Christian activity. Long training in extreme views of God's sovereignty, and man's inability, has made them the hardest people to reach I have ever known. It is humanly impossible to reach the man with both a hard heart and a hard head. But God can do it, and does it with plain preaching and earnest prayer.

I found a fine lot of young people at Whitesburg; a number of these joined our church, and they are the hope of the future. Christian people can do no better with God's talents in their hands than to employ them in this great work of helping these people to a better life.

Brother Deggendorf, a student of the seminary at Louisville, will spend the summer here, and no better man could have been selected. He was here awhile last summer and is not a stranger.

Brother J. E. Stevenson, now of South Carolina, spent a year here sowing the "seed of the Kingdom." Dr. Isaac McElroy, of Lexington, and Rev. R. A. Walton also made them a visit and preached faithfully. Dr. Witherspoon has made several visits, and Dr. Jas. P. Hendricks, so they ought not to be ignorant of the way of life. May God persuade them all to walk in it.

At six o'clock Friday morning I started back across the mountains alone to Big Stone Gap, and home.

After riding and climbing about thirty miles, I reached this little city of magnificent scenery at 5 o'clock in the evening, to take the train at seven o'clock to my own home and people, which I reached Saturday morning.

That this simple narrative of an humble effort to win souls for Christ, may inspire many others to go and do likewise, is the prayer of

EDWARD O. GUERRANT.

FROM THE LOST CREEK.

Mouth of Lost Creek, on Troublesome, Breathitt County, }
Kentucky, July 23rd, 1896. }

Dear Presbyterian: — As neither yourself or readers have probably ever been in this neighborhood, and would not object to read about it, and as there may be some such place in Missouri (and I suspect there is), I will send you a line to enlist your sympathy and stimulate your zeal for those who dwell in the land of the Troublesome.

How significant those names and how naturally and inevitably they are associated! Lost Creek on the Troublesome! How many thousands live on these sorrowful waters who do not know whence they came nor whither they go. But as this is not to be a sermon but a letter, I will proceed.

We left home on Monday, July 13th, for the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. The first day brought us to Jackson, one hundred miles southeast of Lexington. On Tuesday morning, ten miles up the Kentucky river from Jackson, brought us to the mouth of the Troublesome, a stream fifty-two miles long. A mile up this swollen river brought us to the mouth of Lost Creek, where we pitched the big tent, in the rain, to preach the Gospel.

A flood had just devastated the Lost Creek for twenty miles, washing everything movable away and drowning the teacher at its mouth. The rain continued almost daily for ten days, so the ground under the tent never got dry.

Even the frogs sought refuge in the houses, and things that could not swim had a hard time to get about. Seven men

and seven women and a score of school children made up our first congregation. The girls and weather prospects all looked blue, but God smiled away the clouds and brought the people to church.

My daughter, Grace, and her companion, Miss Nannie McCauley, from Troy, made sweet music on the little organ. Harry Cockerham and Elias Moore, our mountain boys, helped with the seating and the singing. A poor fellow died of typhoid fever near by, and I preached his funeral in the yard to a big crowd. So "Billy" Campbell's death, I trust, was a means of grace to some of his neighbors,

Few people in this country are members of any church; those who are being mostly Hardshell Baptists—clever and narrow. Only one lone Presbyterian breaks the monotony on Troublesome. He is faithful Nathan Sallee, who joined on the Quicksand last summer and now lives here.

"Colonel" and "Dock" Noble, whom I found most excellent and well informed men, had to quit preaching in the Baptist church, to which they belonged, because they believed in and practiced scriptural baptism by sprinkling.

Owing to the roads and the weather we had to hold both services by daylight. So we began at 9:30 o'clock in the morning and closed between 4 and 5 in the afternoon, with a recess for dinner. During these long hours for ten days these patient people sat on most uncomfortable seats of rough planks to hear the Gospel.

They were as well behaved as any city congregation, except the dogs and babies, which occasionally raised a disturbance. But as the boys and mothers could not come without them, we "put up" with a few dozen for ten days. You may not appreciate the fact, but this is a triumph of grace.

The man who has not attained it had better keep out of the mountains.

Some generous friends in New York had sent me some 250 Bibles and testaments, which I gave to all who had none. Thousands of tracts and newspapers (*the Observer*, etc.) were gladly received. Few people here ever get a newspaper, especially a religious paper.

I made all who received a Bible or Testament promise to preserve it and read it daily. They received them gladly, and I believe will read them diligently. My heart was moved when I saw how many whole families were without the Word of God, and how eagerly they sought it; some of them coming miles over rough mountain roads for a Testament.

The congregation increased, until Sunday the big tent was filled; and after preaching I gave the first invitation for all who had received Jesus and would publicly confess Him to come forward; and over one hundred came up, not counting members of the church.

It was the day of Pentecost on Troublesome. None had ever seen the like before. Most of them were men and women, and some well stricken in years. I noticed the absence of children. Probably they could not yet understand the plainest preaching, not being accustomed to it. The little school house here affords the only place of worship, with no Sabbath school, or prayer-meeting, or regular preaching for years.

The weather continued fearfully hot, with daily rains until Thursday. I had set that day to discuss baptism, as no meeting here is complete without it. It constitutes the bulk of most of them. The crowd filled every plank and many sat on the ground. The good Baptist preachers and people were

present in force, with a sprinkle of Methodists and my lone Presbyterian. Brother Shewmaker, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Jackson, and Brother Mann, of the Methodist church there, came up to-day.

The result of the service to-day was twenty-seven confessions of Christ; thirteen united with the Presbyterian church, eight with the Methodist, and six with the Baptist. Brother Shewmaker baptized the Presbyterians; I baptized the Methodists, at Brother Mann's request, as he was not ordained, and I recommended the Baptist brethren to their own preachers.

Most of these people are hereditary Baptists and are tenacious of their inheritance, but their ideas of baptism sometimes need reformation. Aunt Ferraby Noble had to be immersed twice, because she said the water in Leatherwood creek was not deep enough, so she had it done over and better in Troublesome.

But God never made cleverer people, and they deserve better treatment than they have ever received from their more fortunate brethren in the Blue Grass. It is a privilege and pleasure to preach to people who walk miles to church, and sit on rough boards for four hours a day without a murmur.

It was a sorrow to leave them at last, and know that tens of thousands around them and beyond them in these interminable mountains were as hungry as they and even more destitute. It ought to move a heart of stone. Will it move the heart of Kentucky and Missouri?

My own duties at home to my church compelled me to return on Friday, the 24th, but not until we had raised a subscription of four hundred dollars to build a church here, on a nice lot given for the purpose.

On Tuesday Brother C. W. Maxwell, of Mt. Sterling, and a party of ladies from Lexington, made us glad as they passed on their way to Hazard to help Brother Wallin, our missionary in Perry county. I pray that God will multiply the number and zeal of those who have "the spirit of missions" for these perishing people.

I am amazed at the indifference of Christians to the direful fate of so many thousands of their neighbors, whom they are commanded to love as themselves. Their sorrowful destitution, their unspeakable value to God, their willingness to hear and accept God's Word and way of Salvation, should move every human heart that is not "dead in trespasses and sins."

After all the faithful work done by the Synod--and it has been a great and blessed work—we are only beginning. Our scattered churches on the borders of the mountains are only so many "light-houses on the shores of a continent of darkness."

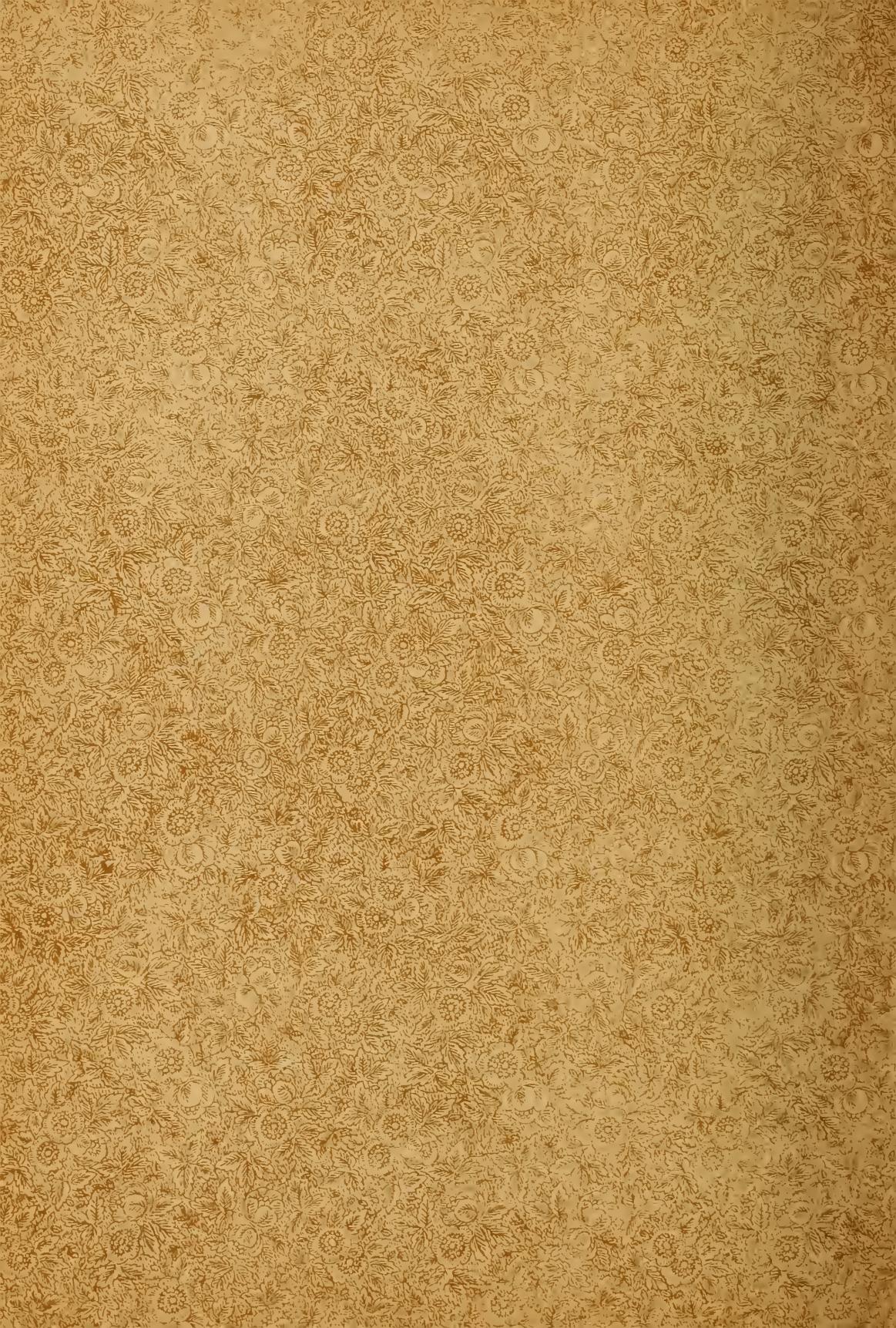
We ought to have twenty churches in Breathitt county, and we have four.

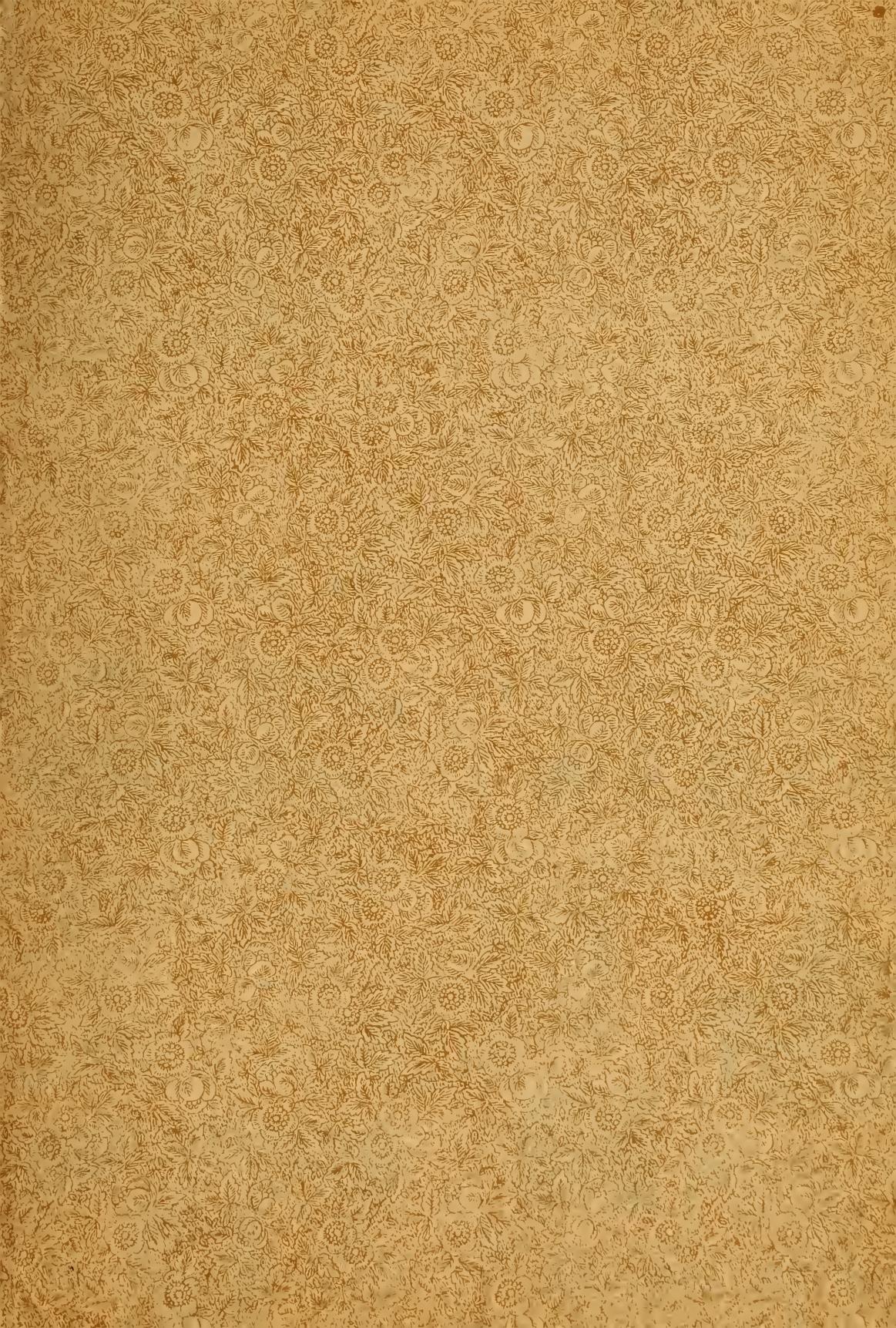
I don't know how many of us can stand the test of the Judgment Day, when the King comes to inquire of our treatment of the "least of His brethren," who are His representatives now on earth.

May God help us to do better.

Your brother and servant,

EDWARD O. GUERRANT.





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